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AWAY FROM HOME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I sit in the gathering twilight,
And hear in the street below,
Strange voices, and hurrying footsteps,
But never a one I know.
Here, in this great, wide city,
A stranger, I sit apart,
As lonely as if a dweller
In the desert's dreary heart.

But the dis dies out of the twilight,
And my thoughts, like birds, fly home,
Where father sits by the firelight,
With thoughts of the ones who roam.
I can see the red light playing
Strange freaks with his silver hair,
As he whispers the dear names over
In a way that is half a prayer.

He is sitting there with his Bible
Open upon his knee,
And I know that the sweet old chapters
Are blent with his thoughts of me.
Oh, thought that is sweet as Heaven,
Wherever my feet may roam,
There is one true heart to love me,
And pray for me at home.

I know what he sees in the firelight,
By his strange and far-off look,
As he thinks the promises over
He has read in the dear old Book.
Close by the gates of Heaven
He sees my mother stand,
And to him, in the flash of the firelight,
She waves a beckening hand.

Oh, tenderest heart, and truest,
Your thoughts are in Heaven and here.
Of the friends in the two worlds, father,
The heaven-friends are most near.
And he prays that when life is ended,
And no more our footsteps roam,
In the world that is over yonder
He may have us all at home.

The miles may be long between us,
But be they many or few,
Your love will reach over all distance,
And help me to be true.
And the thought will be sweet with comfort,
Wherever your boy may roam,
That there's one true heart to love him
And raw for him at home And pray for him at home.

The Red Cross;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland. A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER

CHAPTER X.

THE KERCHEVALS. Three months have passed since we dropped the curtain upon the wild scene of Cordelia Val-rose's capture by the Arab emir, at Wady

rose's capture by the Arab emir, at wauy Zebid. We lift the curtain, this sweet October even-

ing, upon a weirdly dissimilar scene.

It is a place called the Death Gulch, in Wisconsin, and by right of the mysterious deed done there, which presently turned a myriad eyes upon the obscure spot, otherwise never heard of, it deserves a conscientious description.

The Death Gulch is a valley with a worn-out

silver mine in it; there is also a lake in it, walled in on every side by a grim facade of rocks, ex-cept at one end, where a single wooden house then stood, surrounded by a folorn attempt at a

This lake—I have scarcely language to present This lake—I have scarcely language to present it to my readers' imaginations, such a combination of horrors was if—was certainly a curious freak of Nature's. It was a sheet of black, motionless, currentless, dead water, thickened with green slime, and teeming with the most monstrous forms of vegetation; The acme of submarine hideousness wriggled and swarmed and seethed in its rank-smelling depths, as if Nature herself hid them deep, ashamed of their foulness. It was encircled by a rampart of bare cliffs, the faces of which were horribly stained cliffs, the faces of which were horribly stained and smeared, and blotched with red, green, and black mould, or, possibly, by the various oxides

black mould, or, possibly, by the various oxides in the stone, suggesting to the startled stranger sickening ideas of massacre and violence.

At the feet of these cliffs ran a strip of rank black mud, a species of soil not to be met elsewhere in all the Western States, and looked upon by all the neighboring farmers as something supernatural therefore. Out of this alien hot-bed a mass of vegetation as foreign sprung up every season in riotous profusion—great crawling, serpent-like vines, which produced mammoth clusters of watery, viscid poison-grapes, trees that distorted themselves into abnormal growths, all slimy with ooze and swathed with unwholesome funguses, vast flaring flowers with unwholesome funguses, vast flaring flowers that diffused overpowering odors, and, wriggling continually in and out of the dank moss, innumerable little black snakes, with a white ring round their necks, spread the terror of the dreary place wherever its name was uttered.

dreary place wherever its name was uttered.

The very air was heavy with malaria, the very sky above it was ever sad and umbry, never clear, never blue, but always blurred by clammy, discolored vapors. It seemed to be the haunt and home of all the diseases, the misfortunes, and the crimes that ever originated in Wisconsin, or so the gossips were wont to say.

At the extremity of the lake—which was four or five miles in length, and two broad—stood the solitary house before mentioned.

It was a wooden erection, of age far past its

the solitary house before mentioned.

It was a wooden erection, of age far past its prime; it was blackened by the snows and fogs of the passing years; its planks were visibly rotting away, and itswayed forward, as if it would fall before the first healthy storm-blast which stirred the stagnant atmosphere—a deliverance which, however, never came—so the old hovel stood year by year, only sinking a little deeper into the ooze which was imperceptibly sucking it down.

into the ooze which was imperceptibly sucking it down.

A ruined barn flanked the house. The midnight wind had a habit of moaning through its weather-bleached clapboards and crumbling key-holes, like the wail of a woman in mortal grief or pain—much to the discomfiture of every-body possessed of a speck of reverence. (I quote from the gossips.) A few, a very few acres of arable land stretched behind the buildings into the valley, a dank, water-logged plain, where the fruits of the field either burst into rankflavored and monster growths, or rotted in the seed in the spongy soil, just as it chanced. The



"Look out, you wicked hearts. I'll defend my poor helpless father's honor with every breath I draw."

nearest town was ten miles distant, and only to be reached by the farmer's rickety, one-horse buggy crawling through a wilderness of musketo-infested shrubbery up to the hubs in seething black mud. In fact, had the most ascetting of all the beauty, comfort, and happiness-hating recluses searched the world over, he could not have discovered a spot more desolate, and, as it would seem, more God-forgotten, than this Death Gulch.

Ten years ago a man had come with his family from Virginia, and had settled there.

It was a madman's act, done in a fit of despair, and vainly repented ever since.

He had been a gentleman of fashion and means, had suffered reverses, had succumbed to adversity, and had perfected the ruin by parting with his last dollar in exchange for this luckless farm in the Death Gulch, tempted by its cheapenness, and buoyed up by his utter ignorance of

had suffered reverses, had succumbed to adversity, and had perfected the ruin by parting with his last dollar in exchange for this luckless farm in the Death Gulch, tempted by its cheapness, and buoyed up by his utter ignorance of acceptables. agriculture.

He had a wife, two daughters, and a son, and

his name was—
Jonas Kercheval.

It was about five o'clock of the evening, and Anne, the eldest daughter, a dark-faced gypsey of twenty-one, was washing the supper-dishes, while her mother sat by the wide hearth, busily builting those course woulder seeks which the while her mother sat by the wide hearth, busily knitting those coarse woollen socks, which the farmers of the West are wont to wear during their rigor of winter. Josie, the next child, a flaxen-haired fairy of seventeen, was engaged in fluttering about the bare, but scrupulously neat room, now twisting a fold of the coarse window curtain into a more graceful position, now stopping at the canary's cage to whistle up the drowsy songster, and anon flitting to the little mirror, that hung between the windows, to twine her flossy ringlets round her pretty fingers, or to prink her azure ribbons more coquettishly at her creamy throat.

or to prink her azure ribbons more coquettishly at her creamy throat.

The only boy, Edwin, or rather Ned, a wild, harum-scarum hobble-de-hoy of fifteen, had flung himself on the floor by the fire, and with his brown face gradually turning lobster-red under the heat to which he was subjecting it, and his horny hands buried in the rough hair of an immense bull-dog which sprawled at his side, he seemed to sleep.

an immense bull-dog which sprawled at his side, he seemed to sleep.

Jonas Kercheval sat at the table, his elbows resting on it, his head supported on his spread hands, and his eyes fixed on vacancy.

He was pale and haggard; his eyes had sunk into two caverns, from which they looked out with an expression of patient endurance and helpless suffering that was utterly pitiable; his chest was hollow, and his jet-black hair was thickly sprinkled with white already, though his are was scarcely fifty yet.

age was scarcely fifty yet.

A profound sigh escaped him, and he passed his thin hands slowly over his pallid face.

Anne glanced at the bowed head with an intense strained look in her rich black eyes, and her scarlet lip quivered, to be instantly bitten into calmness as she rattled away with her

Josie turned a pirouette and sung:

"My love she is young, she is young, is young,
When she laughs the dimple dips.
We walked in the wind and her long locks blew
Till sweetly they touched my lips.
And I'll out to the freezing mere,
Where the stiff reeds whistle so low,
And I litell my mind to the friendly wind,
Because I have loved her so."

Anne's scarlet lips waxed white; her great elvet eyes filled with fire.
But she said never a word.
"My dear," said Mrs. Kercheval to her husered in a tone of loving remonstrance, "all the

worn, grief-wrinkled face in strange agitation.
"Yes," said he, hoarsely, "you've never
known the true character of your husband, my known the true character of your husband, my poor Margaret; you've always believed me all you would like me to be, and followed my fortunes through thick and thin without a whisper of repining or one sigh of discontent. Margaret, I was never worth it."

"Indeed you were, my own true husband!" exclaimed she, fervently. "Few wives have been loved as I have been—"

"And few have been wronged as you have been!" said he, faintly.

"Oh, don't say so!" pleaded she; "why should

been!" said he, faintly.

"Oh, don't say so!" pleaded she; "why should you reproach yourself with the misfortunes which Providence has seen fit to send upon us? Surely never man worked so hard, or faced defeat so bravely, or went to work again so persectively as you!"

"My poor Margaret!" almost sobbed he. "If rou knew—ah! if you only knew me as I know ayself, you would curse me to my face and for-

That I never would," she answered, quietly;

"That I never would," she answered, quietly; and drawing his anguished face down to her shoulder, she caressed the desperate man most tenderly, while she whispered sweet wifely endearments in his ear.

The three children of the ill-fated couple had watched this scene in silence. Anne now spoke, her bold, bright face brilliant with enthusiasm.

"Father and mother," said she, "Tm going to speak up once and for all. It's all nonsense to keep Josie and me at home when we might be earning our bread, and maybe helping you along earning our bread, and maybe helping you along a bit, too, in some of the neighbors' families. If a bit, too, in some of the neighbors families. If I've been asked to go to service once, I've been asked a hundred times; Josie, too. I'm twenty-one now, and—and—I'm a-going."

"Service, indeed!" cried the silver voice of Josie; "not for me, thenk you."

Josie; "not for me, thank you. I guess I can do better than that," and she peered into her sister's face roguishly. Anne flushed, then grew fearfully pale.

fearfully pale.

"If you can, Josie," said she, very gently,
"be sure that nobody will be gladder than I."

"Listen to me, Anne," said her father, looking
at her with tears in his eyes. "You have sacrificed all your life as far as it has gone for my
sake; you've been a devoted daughter, and all
I've been able to give you in reward has been a
love that few men feel for their most idolized
children." As he said this his wife's eyes shoe
through grateful tears. "Lately I've noticed
that the young fellow Arran has been coming through grateful tears. "Lately I've noticed that the young fellow Arran has been coming here, and that you've kept out of his way—"
"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Josie, spinning a pi-

rouette.
"He came for—for—her!" faltered Anne,

averting her face.
"He came at first for you," said her father,
"and you discouraged him because you were
too generous to forsake your poor, unlucky fa-Well, I'm sure!" pouted Josie, her delicate

door, the dog hurling himself from his lazy sprawling on the hearth upon the stalwart young giant who stood on the threshold, with a short

"It's Arch! it's Arch!" exclaimed Josie, flut-tering forward with two pretty hands out-stretched, and an aurora of smiles on her sweet

stretched, and an almost of siniles of the shock baby face.

"Yes, it's Arch," said he, quietly putting her to one side as he had already put the dog, and continuing his point-blank stare at Anne; "and it seems I've come just in time to put in my word in a little matter here that concerns me about as close as anybody. If I ain't mistaken, I have a sure he was a coing out into the about as close as anybody. If I ain't mistaken, I heard Anne say she was a-going out into the world so's she could help her folks out of their troubles. Now, good people, I've got something to say to that. I've been coming here, off and on, this year past, and you may be sure it wasn't for nothing, either. I'm well-to-do, I've got the biggest store in Silver-Lead, and money in the bank besides; now, old man, I want your daughter for my wife, merely sayin', casual like, that my wife's father shall never lack as long as we've got a crust to share with him and his."

CHAPTER XI.

AN INTERRUPTED WOOING. This manly speech came upon them all like a

This wanly speech came upon them all like a thunderbolt.

First, there was Josie, the beauty, the belle, the coquettish, irresistible, willful little sprite, who had, as a matter of course, always appropriated the gallant young miner's attentions; here he was looking at Anne as if he would eat her up, while she stood unnoticed by his side!

Then there was the despairing father, who had just been pouring out his remorse and self-upbraiding over the devoted self-denial of his eldest daughter; in a moment he saw her rewarded for all, her happiness assured, just as he would have had it!

would have had it!

would have had it!

Her mother, too—what a gush of gratified love swept through her long-tried heart!

Even Dare-devil Ned got up on his elbow and emitted a long, shrill whistle, ending in a melancholy mew like a suffering cat as he turned his mocking eyes on the discomfitted Josie.

But Anne, with a very pale, proud smile, looked into Arch Arran's eager face, with these words heavely spoken:

words, bravely spoken:
"Look here, Arch; you've named no names, so as yet nobody knows which of us two girls so as yet nobody knows which of us two girls so as yet nobody knows which of us two girls you've set your heart on. Before you do say which, I want to tell you that I hope it's Josie, because it—it—needn't be me. Stop—I ain't through yet. As long as my father is as unlucky as he is now, he needs me—and he needs

"Now, Anne, it's my turn," said the young man, a quiet smile lighting up his splendid, dark, half-Spanish countenance; "in your heart you know just as well as I do which of ye I'm after. Friends"—he waved his tawny hand to be peak the attention of the father and mother, but keep his fervent gaze upon the young girl "Well, I'm sure!" pouted Josie, her delicate cheeks flushing and her gem-blue eyes flashing; but kept his fervent gaze upon the young girl was if I wouldn't do just as much for you as Nan! And he never came to see her! It was always me! Wasn't it, Nannie? Tell them it was."

"Always you," said Anne, faintly, her face still averted.

"And when we're married," continued the

starved herself and went naked, that the rest might have plenty; many's the day I've squirmed under the knowledge of these things like as they was live coals on my bare back, not darin' for to put out a hand to help, 'cos you, neighbor Kercheval, was a gentleman, an' she was a gentleman's daughter! But things has come to a p'int, an' I make bold to speak out, and to say before ye all—Anne, will you marry me?"

Oh, the divine radiance upon her face! It made it lovelier far, in spite of the irregularity of the features, and the deep brown of her complexion, than Josie's, of which eyes, nose, and dewy mouth were purely classical, while the skin was untanned satin, white as any lady's!

But when he stopped the delicious tide of lovewords, the light died out, and all the rich warmth with it. She put a strong restraint upon herself, and answered, quietly:

"Thank you, Arch; you are worthy any good woman's love, and I hope you'll get it yet. But I warned you—you shouldn't have asked me; I have no thoughts of marriage, and, as far as I can see, never will have. Are you sure you know your own mind? Come, now, isn't it Josie you like best!" and she looked at him imploringly.

The little beauty, who had been scowling like a

know your own mind? Come, now, isn't it Josie you like best!" and she looked at him imploringly.

The little beauty, who had been scowling like a little fiend, here uttered a scream of scornful remonstrance, and flounced to the opposite side of the kitchen, Arran following her charming figure with a cool stare.

"Thank you all the same, Anne," said he, "I don't want a fine lady to put silk dresses upon and watch curl her hair—I want a woman—a real woman, God bless her, worth a million of your fine ladies—I want you, Anne—you, my brave, self-forgetting, noble-hearted girl—and for your sake I swear to devote myself to your father exactly as you have done, and, thank the Lord, I've the means to set him on his feet right now!"

Anne bent a heartrending look on her father. He made her a mute sign, to accept her lover with his heartfelt blessing upon the union—but by the bitter, indomitable setting of the lips, she read his unalterable resolution to hold himself forever above the degradation of accepting money, which he might never be able to return, from his daughter's husband.

Jonas Kercheval had once been a gentleman—he could not place himself under obligations to—a laborer.

A suffocating gasp, as of one in flames, escaped

A suffocating gasp, as of one in flames, escaped

her.
"I—must—say—no! and, believe me, I mean it," she said, in a deliberate way.
With two strides he was at her side, his flery eyes scanning her blanching features incredul-

ously.

"You don't mean it!" he cried, exultingly;

"don't play the coquette, Anne; leave that for silly little Josie. You and me was cut out for each other. Come, sweetheart, look up and tell them you'll be my wife."

He passed his arm round her and would have drawn her to his side, but she eluded him, and warring him herek with a sudden code comessive.

waving him back with a sudden cold composure, said:
"No."

He stood dumb. There was no mistaking her

Josie stole behind her sister, and laid her burning cheek against her shoulder with a soft, caressing pressure. Anne felt and understood it, and repeated yet more inexorably: "No, Arch Arran. I can't be your wife."

"No, Arch Arran. I can't be your wife."
"Why?" queried the young man, bluntly.
"You want to be married for love, don't you?" "That's so," said he; "but you daren't say you don't love me."

She faltered a moment before that cruel test,

but perceiving not only the eyes of her lover to be fixed upon her in breathless suspense, but those of her father also, she soon answered in a voice from which she had extracted every suspicion of feeling.
"You are mistaken. I don't love you. There, quit talking about it." And she turned to escape

to her own room. Arch Arran caught her in a fierce grip, and for a time there was dead silence. All felt more or less awed by the gradual darkening of

more or less awed by the gradual darkening of that spirited Southern face.

"Anne Kercheval," muttered he, hoarsely, "you can't deceive me. You lie to me, because you think your father needs you. I've said all I can about helping him—if you don't believe my word, I'll write it down and give you the paner—"

paper—"
"Stop!" she exclaimed, stung anew by the "Stop!" sne exclaimed, stung anew by the sight of her father writhing in exquisite humiliation under her lover's words; "you're entirely, entirely mistaken—I tell you nothing could induce me to marry you or any one else just now, so there's an end." Seeing her thus resolved, man-like, he prompt-

Seeing her thus resolved, man-like, he promptly misunderstood her.

Self-sacrifice, to a man in love, is all but an impossibility. He desires; he will possess; heaven itself shall not say him nay.

On the contrary, a woman's love opens that golden gate of the soul, self-abuegation; she who was pleasure loving as the souring bird learns a

was pleasure-loving as the soaring bird, learns a sweet sobriety, a brooding care for others, becomes, in short, a woman, capable of the unutterable unselfishness of the wife and mother. Judge then what an enigma a woman is to her lover, when the nobility of her soul inspires her such conduct as Anne's

to such conduct as Anne's!
His cheeks whitened and his eyes burned. He cursed her in his somber fury.
"Go, for a cold-hearted Jezebel, and perdition go with ye!" he ground out between his teeth; "what a fool I've been to believe a woman's eye could speak the truth! Well, well, that's over. Farewell all; I'm off for California, for I swear travel to a place when I wow't they in a place when I wow in the work in the control when I wow in the work in a place when I was a place when I wow in the work rarewell all; I'm on for Camorma, for I swear I won't stay in a place where I can see her, with her lures and lies."

"Stop, my boy!" cried Kercheval, firmly.

Arran was at the door, but at this, turned

again.

"Anne," said her father, "give him your hand. No? My child, I entreat, I command you! What! would you heap sorrow on an old man whose heart has scarcely room for more?" Anne only made a mute gesture of dissent, and staggered toward the door of her own chamber, seeing which, Arran put the unhappy man aside and strode back to the kitchen door.

The master of the house was the first to regain his presence of mind. With somewhat of his old gentlemanly grace he stepped forward, exclaim-

ing:
"Will you enter, sir? We are rough here, but

"Will you enter, sir? We are rough here, but a traveler is always welcome."

The stranger did not move, but fastening his penetrating gaze upon Kercheval, said, sternly:

"Friend, I have been a witness of the scene which has just transpired here. Pardon the intrusion, but I have come from the ends of the earth to discover Jonas Kercheval and the circumstances by which he is surrounded. It appears that I have lit upon you in one of the most unhappy crisises of your most unhappy life. Two innocent young hearts are just about to be crushed under the wheels of your evil destiny. Even your prayers and tears cannot avert the sacrifice. Miserable man, what would you not give now to blot out the past?"

Kercheval gazed at the mysterious stranger aghast, as indeed they all did; but, presently, realizing the full meaning of his words, a fearful pallor overspread his attenuated features, and he stammered forth, in great agitation:

"In God's name, sir, who are you?"

"I am one," answered the stranger, "who saw alive, three months since, him with whom you made that weak and cowardly compact twenty years ago."

As he uttered these words in an inflexible

twenty years ago."
As he uttered these words in an inflexible voice, Jonas Kercheval—in the midst of an invol-untary gesture imploring him to desist—fell on the floor in a swoon.

Baron Berthold had made one of his moves in the game of Warren-Guilderland.

> CHAPTER XII. ARTFUL JOSIE.

NATURALLY, every one gathered round the insensible man, and for the moment the stranger

was forgotten.

When he was remembered, he had vanished, and Arran, stepping to the door, with the intention, it must be confessed, of calling him to an account pretty sharply, only beheld his distant figure riding a powerful black horse out of the

figure riding a powerful black horse out of the Gulch, at a slashing pace.

Having assisted the terrified and bewildered family to convey Kercheval to his bed, Arran was loitering about the yard, loth to go after all, and as loth to stay until his hurt pride had received some slight balm, when pretty Josie ran out, her little pink apron to her eyes, and, apparently quite forgetful of the late scene, so mortifying to herself, clutched him by the coat and looked up with all her usual confidence and with infinitely more sweetness than she had ever ventured upon before.

"Arch, don't go away!" she implored, in a voice as tremulously vibrating as if it had received the training of a tragedy actress; "you're our only friend; what are we to do if you forsake us?" and she planted her lovely little face on his arm and sobbed.

Arch Arran glowered at the artless maiden

sake us?" and she planted her lovely little face on his arm and sobbed.

Arch Arran glowered at the artless maiden and turned down the corners of his handsome mouth sourly. He prided himself upon his discernment, and was fond of boasting that he could read any woman he set eyes on.

""Us!" he repeated, mockingly; "it ain't 'us' that wants my friendship, an'it ain't 'us' I want neither. Your sister's given me the mit, so I s'pose I may as well be off, first as last."

"There! he's spoken cross to me!" wailed Josie, perfectly overcome with affliction, and, retreating from the attack, she bent over the rotted garden-paling with her face in her hands, weeping convulsively.

Arch looked at her. In his heart he knew as well as Josie did that Josie was as incapable of caring sincerely for anybody under the sun except her own pretty self, as the little white kitten that was curling round her foot; also, that one tear of noble Anne's meant more than a thousand of hers, and yet, as he watched her, in spite of himself yes, with his eyes wide open he allowed of hers, and yet, as he watched her, in spite of himself, yes, with his eyes wide open, he allowed himself to drift into a state of dreamy complacency, befitting the man whom lovely woman weeps for. His wounded vanity eagerly accepted this balm, and, his better nature slumbering for the time, he experienced a malicius plaestre in the time, he experienced a malicious pleasure in his supposed hold on the fancy of one so much the inferior of her who had so humbled him, for in her very inferiority lay his chance to hum-

ble her. A few attentions to Josie; yes, that was his best course! Who would have supposed that gay little Jo-

e knew the thoughts that passed through his aind just as well as he did himself? There are some of our sex—more's the pity— There are some of our sex—more's the pity—born accomplished coquettes, coming from their very cradles with an intuitive knowledge of the opposite sex which puts to shame the knowledge which life-long experience has given the more simple-minded of us; these are they who are wont to compass their private ends through the judicious use of such charms as nature—monstrously hightened by art—has bestowed upon them; and instead of using their influence to lead their captives upward by the path of true love, Heaven's most heavenly gift to earth, they lure them, alas! the other way, down—down, step by step of the ladder of their basest passions, till destruction swallows them up along with their siren guides!

with their siren guides!

Of this fell sisterhood was Josie Kercheval. "Seems to me you take on considerable about a cross word," remarked the swain, sardonical-ly; "you ain't always so thin-skinned. I've seen you hold your own pretty stiff ag'in' Ned, I

think!"
"Ned!" flouted the maiden, raising her daisy face, which a few tears had only served to brighten. "As if I cared what he said! As if I cared what anybody said in comparison with—" But here she stopped abruptly, hiding her face again in charming confusion

'In comparison with me, eh?" drawled Ar-In comparison with me, en? drawled Arran, sauntering lazily over to her and placing his great strong brown hand on her dainty shoulder; "look here, little girl, you an' me had best understand each other. I spoke rather rough a minute ago, hey? I didn't mean it, Josie, leastways not to you. You've always been a kind little thing; why should I quarrel with you?"
"Don't, then!" sighed Josie, lifting her large,

misty eyes with a perilous greenish glint in them.
"Can I help it that Anne don't like you? I can't, any more than you can help it that you don't like me." And she pouted transcendent-

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed he, stooping to peer into her luring eyes with a devil in his own; "I ain't so sure that I don't like you, Josie. At all events I ain't a-goin' to be such a confounded flat as to shut up my eyes from all other women because Anne Kercheval chooses to hold her head above me. I say, Josie, you like me pretty well, don't you?"

"Pretty well, Arch!"

"You little sly minx! You've made eyes at me for some time, anyhow, an' I s'pose if I hadn't been gulled by your sister I'd have liked you best."

best."
"Too bad!" whispered Josie, looking down.
"Ain't it?" chuckled Arch. "But it's never
too late to mend. We'll make a new deal, an'
maybe you an' me'll turn out partners."
"Maybe!" breathed Josie, giving him a sudden sweet, dangerous love-look.
He caught her in his arms and kissed her.
Would he have done it if Anne had not stepped a moment before to the door?
Would Josie have permitted it?

ped a moment before to the door?
Would Josie have permitted it?
Anne saw them thus, and stood transfixed.
"Good-by, little girl; I won't forget your kindness!" said Arch, distinctly, and setting the tiny siren on her feet he strode away.
Josie pretended just then to catch sight of her sister, and screamed. She also hid her face, and through her fingers peeped at Anne's white cheeks and pulsating eyes. Receiving no challenge, she was obliged to volunteer her little tale.

"Poor fellow, I couldn't help comforting him a bit; he came to me so pitiful!" "Come in, Josie," said Anne, in a hollow voice; "Father is calling you."

"You ain't cross?" wheedled the little maid, nestling up to her sister.
"There's something very strange about father," said Anne, not heeding her question. "Oh, Josie, Josie, there are worse things in the world to be borne than any we've known yet!"
"What, Anne? Dear me, how you frighten me!" exclaimed Josie, uncomfortably startled by her sister's look and tone

her sister's look and tone

"Hush!" whispered Anne, laying her trembling hand upon the girl's shoulder, while her eyes dilated and darkened awfully.

Kercheval's voice sounded from the inner room, raised and excited, speaking rapidly in a tone expressive of the utmost urrency and tertone expressive of the utmost urgency and ter-

ror:

"No-no-no!" they heard him say; "having kept it all these years I dare not tell it now! Hush! not a whisper to Margaret; Poor Margaret! And Anne; my brave girl Anne-what, am I to cover her pure brow with the cruel tide of shame? God forgive me, I cannot—I

In the dead silence which followed this out-burst, the stifled sobs of Mrs. Kercheval could be heard, while the sisters gazed at each other

"Alas! something dreadful connected with the past," answered Anne; "that stranger's words seem to have turned our poor father's brain. A minute ago he sat up and called us all to gather round him, saying pretty calmly that 'he would be brave and tell the secret'—hear him now!"

"Do you think—do you think he may have committed some *crime?*" whispered Josie, with some hesitation, as one not quite sure how her suggestion may be received.

"Josephine!" exclaimed Anne, turning her glorious eyes full upon her with a flash of noble

wrath.

"Now, now, what have I said?" pouted Josie; "why should he be afraid to tell 'the secret,' as he calls it, if it wasn't a crime?"

"My poor child, you don't realize that his shame is our shame, or you wouldn't believe so readily in it," said Anne, more patiently.

"I don't know about that!" retorted Josie; "it was only you he mentioned as having anything to be ashamed of—" But here even thoughtless Josie checked herself, mortified at having exposed such base selfishness.

"Children!" called Mrs. Kercheval, faintly.
They entered their parents' chamber.

They entered their parents' chamber.
Their father was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the room, his hands clenched, his eye fixed, and a thin, white streak of foam upon his bloodless lips. Histerrified wife cowered upon the worn chintz lounge in a corner, following his erratic movements with apprehensive, organ the worn chintz lounge in a corner, following his erratic movements with apprehensive gaze. Ned stood half-hidden behind a tall oak wardrobe, his small, sharp features fixed in an expression of ineffable attention, his black eyes fastened upon his father as if he would fain compel him to speak. Indeed it would be difficult to conceive a countenance of more craft and shrewdness than this juvenile's at the moment when his sisters entered the room.

"Come to me, girls!" moaned their mother, holding out her arms to them. "Oh, what is this that has come upon us?" she continued, when she had one on each side of her, with their clasping arms round her. "What was it that the stranger said to your father that could have such a fearful effect on him? Somehow I can't remember—can you?"

remember—can you?"

Anne mutely caressed her, smoothing back her hair, which was still rich and jetty, though thickly sprinkled with gray; but Josie spoke up with considerable vim.

"He said. wouldn't father give something to 'blot out the past,' and that he'd seen alive some person that father made a wicked compact—"
"'Weak and cowardly,'" corrected Ned, his eyes glinting.
"—Compact with, twenty years ago," conclud-

ed Josie, quite as eagerly.
"Yes, yes; that was what he said," faltered
Mrs. Kercheval, growing paler. "What in
heaven's name could he mean?"

heaven's name could he mean?"

"He meant the same thing father did," said Ned, coming out of his corner in his eagerness, "when he said that for twenty years he'd insulted his Maker and deceived the world—"

"For shame!" interposed Anne, in low, stern accents; "heartless wretches that you are, would you squeeze your drop of gall into an already brimming cup of sorrow? Keep quiet, for shame's sake, if you can't for love's."

"Hush, hush, my children!" implored the

"Hush, hush, my children!" implored the gentle mother, shocked both by Josie and Ned's quotations, and by Anne's unwonted bitterness; "if we don't cling to each other now, how are we to stem the tide of destruction that seems ready to overwhelm us? But look, your father, I think wishes to speak."

Kercheval had stopped in the middle of the Kercheval had stopped in the middle of the Kercheval had stopped in the middle of the Legon, and with his dark, sombre gaze fastened upon the little group, seemed to wait an opportunity to be heard. There was a moment's deep silence, then he said, faintly:
'Margaret—wife—WIFE, did I say? My God!
I have no wife!"

CHAPTER XIII. HATEFUL HEARTS.

THESE last words he uttered in such anguished tones, accompanying them with such a wild gesture, that they struck a thrill of horror through both Mrs. Kercheval and Anne. Josie and Ned glanced hastily at each other, as if they would

glanced hastily at each other, as if they would urge each other to take note.
"Dear Jonas, your Margaret is here; look, am not I your wife?" faltered Mrs. Kercheval, placing her hands lovingly in his.
He shrunk from her with a stifled moan.
"God help me, I can't, I can't!" he muttered; "the mother of my children—my first and only love—my faithful mate for twenty years—how can I forget all this? Sweet saint, is she any the worse of my fault? No, as heaven's above, she's as pure as the angels! Shall I break her heart that I may exmiste the past? Coward! No I

as pure as the angels! Shall I break her heart that I may expiate the past? Coward! No, I have been brave enough to sin; let me be brave enough to face the wrath of heaven whenever and however it is wreaked upon me, but she shall not suffer!"

This he muttered to himself, pacing once more to and fro, with his shaking hands clasped over his eyes, and his head bowed on his breast.

Josie and Ned perused each other's keen faces.

Anne glancing curiously round the group.

Anne, glancing curiously round the group, caught the intense listening look of the two infantile rogues; her bosom swelled; her lips whitened; her spirited face kindled into a blaze of grand passion. She rose, laid an iron hand on each startled culprit, and saying, in a still

Come with me. Before they knew what she was about, she had them both out—not only out of their parents' room, but of the house, with the door shut be-hind them.

Then she towered over them, the majestic fire

and scorn of her mien cowing them down beneath her feet.
"Sister and brother," said she, "you know

"Sister and brother," said she, "you know best what's in your hearts to-day. Are you devil-possessed? Is it for you two children to suspect the honor of our father's past life? Is it for you to sit in judgment upon him whom God has laid his hand upon? Has he not been a kind father to us, a fond husband to our mother, a man of pure life and Christian principles? For God's sake, be children again, and not inquisitors, or I shall be tempted to drown you in the lake with my own hands!"

They hung their heads, completely overawed. "Oh, I could die of shame for you!" continued she, "you little, young creatures, who should be as innocent as the birds, and as incapable of imagining evil; you who have been so tenderly loved by both father and mother; you whose readily, and whose welfare has ever been the

readily, and whose welfare has ever bee foremost thought in our father's heart—" she stopped, choked by grief and anger.

Ned surreptitiously nudged Josie, to stir her to reply. Now that Anne's wrath had given place to anguish, the youth's dread of her lessened, and his courage rose. Josie took the hint, and, with natural shrewdness, carried the war into the enemy's camp.

fiames at her.

"As God is in heaven, I'll suffer no one to speak what would blast the fair fame of my father. Look out, you wicked hearts; I'll defend my poor helpless father's honor with every breath I draw, until he is able to defend it himself, and they would be a speak to be a sufficient of the state of the sufficient of the suff

breath I draw, until he is able to detend it himself; and then you shall repeat your guess at his secret—you shall, I say!"

A moment longer she scorched the cringing cowards with her blazing eye, then turned on her heal and left them

cowards with her blazing eye, then turned on her heel and left them.

Like little reptiles they crawled off out of sight. They kept close together, as if it was only by such contact that they could keep up a decent show of courage. Having arrived at the barn, they sneaked into a nook behind the wagon, and then ventured to loosen their tongues.

"Te-hel" giggled Ned, "it's fun to see you gals at it. Ye go in like a couple of scratch-cats, on'y tryin' who'll hurt most. But, say, why do ye hate poor Nan so mortal bad, Joe? She ain't ugly to us."

ye hate poor Nan's o morral bad, Joe? She ann't ugly to us."

"She is—she is!" cried Josie, with sudden fury. How dare she go about in such a meek, goody way—the hypocrite—pretending to deny herself every pleasure, and to devote herself to father, and making me seem a selfish beast if I want to do the tiniest thing, like other girls? You see how it works? The whole country is ringing with the nobleness and such of Anne Kercheval, while you an' me are black sheep, thoughtless, careless imps, growin' up to no good—you've heard them, Ned!—an' I can't even hev' the fun of carryin' on with Arch Arran, 'cos the fool has to fall in love with her; but, I rather expect I've put a spoke in that wheel now, he-he-he!' And she laughed till her pretty eyes shone like sapphires.

now, he-he-he!" And she laughed till her pretty eyes shone like sapphires.
"Lor', what a spitfire you are!" mumbled Ned, looking at her with small admiration; "who would think, to see you sometimes, that you could really be such a nut! Well, we've always thought there was something queer in the family. I don't think we're exactly like other people. The three elder ones hev stuck pretty close together, any you any mey's always seemed to be together, an' you an' me's always seemed to be left to each other; an', to tell the truth, we're more birds of a feather than the others." Josie's face fell.

Josie's face fell.

"I owe Anne one for comin' between me an'
Arch, an' if I don't hev him on his knees to me
before the month's out, an' her standin' by
breakin' her heart over us (for she's crazy in love
with him all the time, you know) may I turn as
ugly as old Hagar the fortune-teller."

"Itch! Take your phis out of this if you a "

"Ugh! Take your phiz out of this if you do!" exclaimed Ned, with strong disgust. "I'd rather see you dead than like her." rather see you dead than like her."

The personage quoted was a horrible dropsical old Jewess, who made her living in the neighboring town of Silver-Lead by practices which sometimes brought her before the law-courts,

procured for her not a little questionable How little did the thoughtless young rascals

calize that fair Josie had already tripped quite long way on that path which had brought old Hagar to her present ugliness and eminence; nay, that to-day her youthful soul seemed as repulsive to God's watching eye as Hagar's face seemed to hers!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

IMPERFECT TRUST.

Why should we ever fear The Master standeth near.

We are but children yet; We yield to needless tears, Whereof, when light appears, Is born our soul's regret.

Alone in perfect light
Dwells he who holds so near
His Lord, he does not fear
He'll leave him in the night.

The Hunted Bride: WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN. AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE

BARBARA," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XIX. THE VILLA'S NEW MASTER.

CARPENTERS, painters, house-decorators, gardeners had been busy all the spring in and about Branthope Villa. New upholstery had come out from the city, and the neighbors were "dying of curiosity" to see the new interior, and the beautiful young wife of Mr. Maxwell, junior, who was to spend the summer in this lovely inherited home of her husband's.

Uncle Peter Maxwell slept well in his grave, and all the tears destined to be shed at the fate of the handsome and high-spritted city who need

of the handsome and high-spirited girl, who used to queen it over that realm, had been dried long ago, even the father, who had given her to old Uncle Peter, had passed away, and no relative mourned her early doom. There had been a great deal of whispering at the time the news of Margaret's death was brought to the village by her cousin. It was an awful thing that she her cousin. It was an awful thing that she should have run away from her rich uncle—eloped with a man and a stranger (to them.) Her accidental death might have been a punishment inflicted on her by an angry Providence; at least, it might be said that she almost deserved it—deserting her fond uncle, as she did, and killing him with the shock. People were very severe in their judgment, as they are apt to be in small neighborhoods; and though some remembered with affection how beautiful, and how ray and harmless she had been, it was generally gay and harmless she had been, it was generally believed that she had been very imprudent, self-

ish and willful.

Young Maxwell was looked upon with more favor than he used to be; he was married now, and of course he would "settle down." They heard he had done splendidly in getting himself a wife, and it would be an advantage to the neighborhood to have the long-neglected villa inherited by such fashionable summer dwellers.

It was a hot day in the middle of July. Mrs. Maxwell, very languid and very fair, sat on the broad portico, a book in her lap, and her favorite servant—her dressing-maid, Tina—bathing forehead with some cooling, fragrant water,

her forehead with some cooling, fragrant water, and fanning her.

As Tina performed these light duties, her thoughts fled far away into the past. Hers was not an ambitious nature. She was as perfectly satisfied to serve this fair young lady as she could have been with any possible employment, unless it might be taking care of a tiny little home in the country of her own. For, during their six weeks' residence at the villa, she had discovered that she was very fond of the country, and that her liking included the handsome,

"What business have you to say that Ned and me thought anything bad about father? You're the only one that has mooted such a thing! And let me tell you, Anne, we're not a-going to be led by the nose by you any more. You're always given yourself such high-and-mighty airs, one would think you were some princess in disguise, and all the time I believe the truth of it is, you're not our sister at all."

Here the young amazon edged off from the vicinity of her she was insulting, not unreasonably expecting some punishment to fall upon her. She might have spared her pains; Anne looked at her in speechless amazement.

"I guess that's aboutift," chimed in the valiant Ned; "she am't no more like us nor a duck's lisk at the time at the them of the leaves the same as a statistance, "that he—" She stopped with a gasp. No wonder; never nad she beheld such a formidable sight as Anne's face presented at that moment.

She rose to her fallest hight, her white mouth panting, her great, splendid black eyes flashing flames at her.

"As God is in heaven, I'll suffer no one to speak what would blast the fair fame of my father. Look out, you wicked hearts; I'll defend my poor helpless father's honor with ever year.

She had not received now word from her since thought and lawns.

Tina had no desire to return to the manufacture of cartificial flowers, nor to a life in a teneflower and perfuned garding the case of airying the real article, and to stroll, during her with a fine a teneflower perfect the viscous of any in the real article, and to stroll, during her with a fine a teneflower had been the wists of flavying real density on the state of flavying real density of the real article, and to stroll, during her with a fair the real article, and to stroll, during her with a fair the real article, and to stroll, during her with a fair the real article, and to stroll, during her with a fair the real article, and to stroll, during her with a fair the real article, and to stroll, during her with a fair the real article, and to stroll, duri

vividly that she started and looked around half-expecting to see her.

She had not received one word from her since that New Year's eve, seven months before, when they had parted, with no intimation that the parting was to be a permanent one. For many weeks she had continued much distressed about Lucille—fearful that some calamity, which her friend seemed always apprehending, had befall-en her. She had nearly resolved a dozen times to ask Mr. Maxwell if he knew what had be-come of her. but she dareg not approach the e of her, but she dared not approach the ghty master of the house as she did her inhaughty master of the house as she did her in-dulgent mistress, and, also, she had been told by Lucille not to betray to him that she had any knowledge of the relationship existing between them. So she had kept silence, though sorely tempted many times to break it, so unhappy did she feel about the sudden disappearance of one whom she loved quite as dearly as an elder

sister.

She had never ceased to wonder and grieve, until, since coming to the villa, her dawning love for Tim, with change of scene and new interests, Lucille's image had faded somewhat into the background. But on this summer afternoon, with nothing seemingly to suggest it, it came back with a vividness which engrossed Tina, so that she forgot Tim in the flower-garden, and the fan in her own hand, and she stood idly lost in reverie.

the fan in her own hand, and she second the in reverie.

"Violet! Violetta!" called Mr. Branthope Maxwell, from the dim recess of the parlor, "don't you know that the light reflected under the piazza is bad for your complexion? It is cooler in here by ten degrees. Come in and read me the last pages of this stupid novel. I am too lazy to finish it for myself."

The young wife, smiling and well pleased to be called to administer to the luxurious ease of her precious tyrant, arose and went in. Tina the precious tyrant the p be called to administer to the fluxurious ease of her precious tyrant, arose and went in. Tina had nothing to do, so she sat down on a shaded step of the piazza, pulled two or three roses to pieces, and then took a bit of embroidery from her pocket, which she was working for Mrs. Maxwell, and as she stitched away, thought still more of Lucille—that beautiful rysterious cirl more of Lucille-that beautiful, mysterious gir who had been so good to her, and whom she had detected from the first of her coming among them there at the manufactory, to be a princess

in disguise.

As she had done a thousand times before, she puzzled her brain to put together the few threads of the story which had fallen into her hands, but could make nothing satisfactory out of them. A step on the gravel walk, which she took to be Tim's approached her and out of that covert. Tim's, approached her, and out of that coquet-ry, which comes natural to such pretty young things, she affected not to hear it—not even be-traying by the quiver of a lash, as she slowly drew out her floss, that she was aware of its

feet.

She remembered the man now; that hideous visitor who had caused Lucille such terror and suffering; she turned quite pale as she looked at him, although she knew that Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were near at hand, and Tim, the gardener, not very far away. But her fear and dislike of him on that one memorable occasion returned in all their force; she had an impression that he had come for some purpose of revence upon her. had come for some purpose of revenge upon her for calling in the officers on that day, and she began to tremble, and to wonder if Tim really was within call. Still, she so desired to hear from Lucille, that as he stood smiling at her, enjoying her discomposure, she said again:
"Oh, do please tell me if you know what has

become of her."

"Wal, I reckon I do know considerable about her; but I don't pay railroad fare out here a hundred miles to inform you of what I know. I usually does such little jobs as pays. That girl's quite a mint o' money to me, she is, that's a fact. I don't care how long she keeps up her little game of hidin' herself and runnin' away, so long as I knows at least two gentlemen as is always willin' to pay liberally for havin' of her brought to light. Is J. B. Maxwell, Esq., at home?"

stupor, wondering II this cound be locally cousin who had once been so fond of him, and whom he had half-despised for her very artlessness and tenderness.

"I never dreamed she would make so fine a woman," he thought to himself, stroking his silken mustache and wondering if she did not yet cherish a lingering fondness for him, smiling at the pleasant knowledge that this superb creature might have been all his his own. His own fair-haired, pretty wife appeared dull and faded beside this brilliant woman, and if Margaret had wished for so mean a revenge, she might have

"Yes," reluctantly.
"I knew that, or I shouldn't 'a' wasted time comin' out. Tell him a gentleman would like to speak to him on business, if he ain't too much

some instinct warned her that it would not be agreeable to him to hear it, but simply told him that a man wished to speak with him on

"What sort of a man?" queried Branthope, ndolently. "Does any reasonable being sup-lose I'm going to attend to business on a sum-ner afternoon with the thermometer at 'butter

Well, a man," answered Tina; "not a gen-

'Some of these farmers about here want to buy or sell something, I suppose. Tell him to call again—this story has just reached the cul-minating point, Mrs. Maxwell, and I want to know how it comes out," and he resumed his lounging condition.
"I believe the man came out from the city to see you," continued Tina; "and that his name is

"Nichols? I don't know any Nichols, and don't want to know any Nichols," answered the master of the house, with good-humored impatience; but just then a recollection of the name dawned upon him, and, rising to a sitting posture, he asked, hastily: "What sort of a looking follow:"

fellow?"
"Disagreeable," said Tina, decidedly, "with a red beard."
"That alters the case," said Maxwell, looking very much disturbed. "I suppose I must see him, if he has a red beard," adding, sotto voce, confound that rascal; what's in the wind now!"
"Shall I show him in?" "That alters the case," said Maxwell, looking very much disturbed. "I suppose I must ee him, if he has a red beard," adding, sotto love, confound that rascal; what's in the wind low?"

"Shall I show him in?"

"Shall I show him in?"

"Shall I show him in?"

"I intend, henceforth, that all shall be legally correct in my proceedings as well as all the actions of my life open to observation."

"Martinique dead?" stammered Branthope.

"And did he leave you his property?"

"That question is the first which might be expected from you," she said, scornfully. 'I suppose I have a right to a third of his estates, but I have not investigated that matter yet. I

In the mean time, Maxwell conversed in guarded tones with his unexpected visitor.

"Tain't possible you hain't noticed it?" continued Nichols, pulling from his pocket a large poster, and pointing to a name which appeared there among others; "read that!—'Mrs. Martinique as Juliet'—an' it's her, 'cause I seen her. I went to that there theater las' night, you may bet your life, an' I seen her, an' I must say, I never seen nothin' better than her actin'. I could swear she was in love with that fellow who plays Romeo—'twasn't all purtense, if I'm a judge of human natur'—which is one of my strong p'ints—an' he's just as sweet on her. Now, what do you make of it!—comin' out boldly with his name? Mebbe he's dead, an' she a rich widder. I hain't got to this affair; but I thought I'd come out an' let you know. It 'u'd pay as well as lyin' around doin' nothin'."

"Yes," said Branthope, rather reluctlantly

It 'u'd pay as well as lyin' around doin' nothin'."

"Yes," said Branthope, rather reluctlantly
taking a fifty-dollar bill from his wallet. "I
suppose you did not come out here for nothing,
but you need never come again on that er
rand. I should have discovered this for myself
in a day or two. And then, I m quite indifferent to what Mrs. Martinique does. If it's all
right between her and her husband—or if it's all
wrong—I don't care."

"Didn't know but it might disturb you a little, seein' she owns this nice bit of property, an'
a good deal more that goes in your name," remarked Nichols, with a sharp glance.

"Oh, we've settled all that," rejoined Branthope, with a careless air. "I've paid her her
portion months ago. So you're out there. You've milked this cow dry now, Nichols, and need
give yourself no further trouble about my affairs."

"So? Well, mebbe. Many thanks for this
little ciff. Mr. Maywall if ever I cot into trouble

yer, half-laughing.
"Well, good-by. Shall I take any message
to Mrs. Martinique?"
"No, I'm obliged to you. Good-afternoon,

"Train goes down in an hour," called back Nichols, with one of his meaning smiles, when he had gone a dozen paces toward the gateway.
"He knows I'll be on it," muttered Branthope,

as he returned into the house to inform his wife that he had been called to the city on some busi-ness which must be transacted next morning, but that he would return on to-morrow after-

noon.
"And why not take me with you?" asked the pretty, pouting lips: "there is time for me to dress."

step on the gravel walk, which she took to be Tim's, approached her, and out of that coquetry, which comes natural to such pretty young things, she affected not to hear it—not even betraying by the quiver of a lash, as she slowly drew out her floss, that she was aware of its having drawn near, and paused in front of her.

She started violently enough, however, when, after a full minute's silence, a voice, which was not Tim's, said, in a low but coarse and heavy tone:

"My eye! I didn't know you was a-makin' your home here, my purty."

As she looked up she saw a rough-looking fellow, with ugly eyes and a red beard, whom she was conscious of having met before, but where or when, she could not recall.

"You're a smart little girl, an' you played me a nice trick as slick as ever I see. But I don't owe you no grudge, my purty, seein' I got off in less'n a week. Hain't seen nothin of your friend Lucille around lately, I'll be bound?"

"Oh, do you know anything of her?" cried Tina, flinging down her work and rising to her feet.

She remembered the man now; that hidews

"Two candidate for lavor, who played Juliet to his Romeo.
"Young, gifted and beautiful" this Juliet was, beyond what is usually expected from this hackneyed announcement; a girl not more than twenty, impassioned and levely as Shakspeare's own heroine, fresh, graceful, exquisite—playing the character with an originality only excelled

the character with an originality only excelled by its truth to nature.

"Married, yet so young." Who was this Mrs. Martinique?" "Where did she come from?"
"How long had she been playing?" Her admirers were eager to have these questions and wered about one whose history was so complete ly unknown to them. But no one was possessed by a more ardent desire to be enlightened than Branthope Maxwell, who sat there in a sort of stupor, wondering if this could be really the cousin who had once been so fond of him, and whom he had half-despised for her very artless-

speak to him on business, if he ain't too much occupied," sardonically.

"Perhaps you had better send in your card," said Tina, spitefully; "he'll be better able to decide whether he's engaged or not."

"I reckon he'll see me, 'most any time. But, if you'd like to take in my name, just mention that Gus Nichols is waitin' on the stoop."

She picked up her work and went in, leaving him sitting on the store, wiping his force on a contract of the derivation of mine should never be an actress. What would Violet's father say to her appearing in public?" and the mem-"I reckon he'll see me, 'most any time. But, if you'd like to take in my name, just mention that Gus Nichols is waitin' on the stoop."

She picked up her work and went in, leaving him sitting on the steps, wiping his face on a soiled handkerchief. She did not mention the name he had given her to Mr. Maxwell, for some instinct warned her that it would not be started by the manual that she was sobliged to appear the thir 'time before the curtain. "But, after all, of mine should never be an actress. What would Violet's father as you her appearing in public?" and the membankers' families must sit in state, cooled his enthusiasm, presently, down to a very faint

spark.

Branthope was one of those men born to marry into a good family, and to fulfill his destiny in the act. Ah, if we could always see how the darkness leads to the dawn, we should have more patience with our troubles. Margaret scarcely thanked God less for escaping from Martinique than from her cousin. Branthope wearied his indolent brain, as he lay in bed the remainder of indolent brain, as he lay in bed the remainder of the night, in attempting to account for the po-sition in which he found Margaret. The next morning, having ascertained at what hotel she stopped, he sent up his card, with a note re-requesting a private interview at the earliest hour at which he supposed she would have breakfasted. His request was not denied; and being shown to a private parlor, his cousin re-ceived him there with a politeness and self-possession which almost overthrew his own. sion which almost overthrew his own. e hardly knew in what form to put his queries, nally blundering into one as abrupt as possi-

"I see you acknowledge the name of Mar-inique. Have you and Martinique become re-onciled, then?"

"By death," was the quiet answer. "Since he name really is mine, I will not disown it, for intend, henceforth, that all shall be legally cor-

ES-INE BANDROAY ROURNAU. -S-S-

am glad you have called upon me, Branthope, because I was about to visit Branthope Villa, and it is more agreeable to have seen you first." Her listener winced—she was coming then to claim her fortune, upon which he had been so successfully luxuriating.

"Margaret is actually growing parsimonious," he said to himself; "as if Martinique's property was not enough for her!" but he forced himself to smile, and to say how delighted Mrs. Maxwell and himself would be to receive so illustrious a guest.

"I shall not come as a guest. I shall come to take possession of my homestead and set up my own household gods there. You turn pale, Branthope, so I suppose I had better hasten to assure you that I do not intend to ruin you, although probably to reduce your expectations. assure you that I do not intend to I am you, as though, probably, to reduce your expectations a good deal. How much did Uncle Peter leave, whe i his estates were settled?" "About a hundred and ten thousand dollars."

"About a hundred and ten thousand dollars."

"Very well. It seems to have been decided by the voice of the people that I am capable of making a fortune for myself—I suppose I can earn money by my profession a great deal faster than you can by yours. I have not the heart, cruelly as you have treated me, cousin, to take from you all that for which you paid the dear price of your integrity. You ought to enjoy that for which you have sacrificed so much! Then, too, being nephew, as I am niece, of the man who left it, I consider you entitled to share with myself, though your name is not mention. with myself, though your name is not mentioned in the will. In short, I want the old home-stead, for I love it, and Uncle Peter's memory makes it sacred to me. I want, also, five thousand dollars to buy my wedding outfit. The remainder you shall have. I will make out the papers as soon as convenient after I come

You are generous, as always, Margaret," stammered her cousin, much relieved, yet sensi-ble of a pang at having to resign the Villa and its surroundings, so convenient as a summer resort. "Did you say you wanted to buy a wedding outfit?" putting on a gay air, while conscious of a second pang of wounded vanity to think his desertion had not blighted all fancies

of that kind.

"Yes, I said so. I am engaged to be married; and I tell you this, not because I expect to borrow respectability from you or your connections, but because you are a relative, bearing the family name, and I prefer to be in my own

tions, but because you are a relative, bearing the family name, and I prefer to be in my own home, and with a relative—even such a one as you—for the few weeks previous to my marriage. The gentleman to whom I am engaged—"

"Kellogg, I'll be bound."

"Yes—Mr. Kellogg is proud, and has a high position to sustain. He has taken me upon trust—absolutely with no knowledge of me or mine, except what he has gained from my own lips. Though a man of the world and necessarily, by his profession, thrown into the society of women more or less of adventurers, he has believed ine, respected me, done me the high honor of offering me his heart and name. He asks nothing in return but me and my love; but I, too, am proud. I take pleasure in the thought that I shall be married in my own house, with a splendor worthy of him and his fame. Every circumstance of my other marriage shall rest, without shadow, under his full observation. You, sir, will have to come to the confessional before him; it is the only atonement I demand for the injury you did me. As to your wife. I You, sir, will have to come to the confessional before him; it is the only atonement I demand for the injury you did me. As to your wife, I could not, for her sake, mortify you before her, nor shake her confidence in you. I am quite willing that she should believe you really thought me dead, if, indeed, she knows anything about me. But from the day I come to the Villa she must be my guest, not I hers."

"But she saw you, two or three times, playing the part of servant-girl! She will be sure to recognize you."

recognize you."
"I think not. Dress makes a world of difference. If she sees a resemblance she will persuade herself that it is only a fancy of her

Then that confounded—excuse me, cousin dressing-maid—she will recognize you, I think!"
"Oh, is Tina with you still? I am so glad.
That child will do as I tell her; she will never

make trouble."

"How did you hear of Martinique's death?"
asked Branthope, clearing his throat, for he found his voice husky, despite of his efforts to assed in the specific of the s

even the memory of that man always set her nerves quivering, so long had he haunted and

Branthope fidgeted in his chair, got up, looked out of the window, pulled down the blind, drew

it up.
"I did not know you were living together"—
"How was his way of asking the did he die?

accident." "By accident."

"Margaret, you are not—you did not—"
"No, I did not kill him. I am glad, now, that I was never tempted to. With the thousand dollars you sent me I took passage for London, very secretly, I thought, for I had become aware that Mr. Martinique was in the city. When the steamer was only about forty-eight hours from Liverpool, he suddenly appeared in the cabin, having tracked me on board the boat, taken passage in it also, and remained in his state-room having tracked me on board the boat, taken passage in it also, and remained in his state-room long enough to highten my misery and his triumph when he revealed his presence. God's ways are not our ways, Branthope. At that very hour the ship was on fire, among the freight in the hold. The fire was kept down all day, but that night we were obliged to take to the boats. Mr. Martinique fell into the sea and was drowned. I, with others in our boat, suffered many perils and great hardships, on account of the winter weather, drifting for two days and a night, but at the close of the second day we were taken up by a sailing vessel, which, to double our good fortune, was bound for the same port for which we had started, and we arrived in Liverpool, only six days late. I heard of the safe arrival of two of the other three boats—the fourth was never heard from, I believe. I went directly to London with some threatrical friends, whose acquaintance I had heve. I went directly to London with some threatrical friends, whose acquaintance I had made on board the steamer—Mr. Kellogg among them—and began to study for my new career. At the end of three months I ventured to obey At the end of three months are their solicitations, and appear upon the stage, in London, in a fashionable theater, at the hight of the season I was successful, partly through my the season I was successful, partly through my own merits, and more, perhaps, from being so nobly sustained. I played a brief engagement, which is renewed for next winter; then hastenwhich is renewed to flext which, in the matriage, which Mr. Kellogg urges, with truth, ought to be consummated speedily, in view of our profession, and the fact that we have so many engagements to play together."

She smiled here, more to herself than upon her here with the propring as she did so well that her

listener, knowing as she did, so well, that her lover would have been equally ready with other arguments in favor of an early wedding, had not these specious ones been at hand.

"Now you know," she added, "all that is necessary of my history since I left this city. In two weeks my engagement at the Winter Garden ends. I shall then come to Branthope Villa for a few weeks of repose, and to prepare for the event which is fixed for the first day of September. Good-marning."

tember. Good-morning."

Mr. Maxwell went down the staircase with the air of a man who has got in the wrong

CHAPTER XX. A BIT OF TROPICAL LIFE.

THAT long, rolling wave which washed Senor Martinique away from the burning ship, away from the waiting boat, away from the shuddering gaze of the woman he had so persecuted, was not so fatal as those witnessing his disappearance believed. Night and the storm swallowed him up, but the energies of life were fierce in his thin, muscular frame and fiery heart—he was not the man to sink without a stubborn fight with the elements. Many moments he sustained himself, although conscious that he was being carried further from hope of

that he was being carried further from hope of aid; and, when nearly exhausted and half in-

sensible, was rewarded for his energy by feeling his arm come in contact with some hard substance, after which he immediately grasped, and found it to be one of the chairs or stools belonging to the ship, and which was provided with an air-tight compartment, making it sufficiently buoyant to enable him to rest himself upon it. Hope revived with this temporary aid; all night the senor clung to his life preserver, numb, cold the senor clung to his life-preserver, numb, cold, and drowsy, sometimes actually asleep, but ever tightly clasping this "straw" which was des-

for with the gray light of dawn there came a faint shout, sounding far away and dreamy in his half-conscious ear, but which, in reality, was close at hand. The second boat, manned by the second mate, had driven about aimlessly ensecond mate, had driven about almiessly en-ough, at the mercy of the wind and waves, yet Fate had so decreed that her wild, erratic path should cross that of the floating chair and its clinging freight, just when the light was strong enough to make the situation evident. With great difficulty, and not without risk to those algreat difficulty, and not without risk to those ar-ready crowded in the boat, the senor was drag-ged in, and revived by the attentions of those about him, who divided with him their dryer garments, and shared with him their bread and

This was only the beginning of his good for-This was only the beginning of his good fortune. Before three o'clock of that first day they hailed a large and handsome clipper-ship, which hove to and took them up, giving them hospitable welcome. One of the first questions asked by the "forlorn and shipwrecked brothers" was, where was the ship bound? They were answered that she was bound for Havana, with a cargo of cotton cloth and iron, to return with sugars. This was certainly not the direction they would have chosen; but life is too sweet for people to stand on trifles, and gratitude was the uppermost feeling with the rescued; they had, too, a lively hope that they should fall in with some Havana vessel, England-bound, when they could retrace their course. The captain assured them there was every prospect of this, as such meetings were frequent. The captain assured them there was every prospect of this, as such meetings were frequent. Whatever interests the other rescued passengers may have had of business or family ties, no one was quite so eager as the senor in the sharp watch for the expected vessel. He would walk the decks all day long, gnawing his lips with restlessness, feeling that she whom he had tried so long to secure to himself was safe and happy with that audacious actor whom he hated as only the jealous can hate. He had nothing to do but make pictures of the state of affairs between Margaret and Mr. Kellogg. Once he burst out into a wicked laugh: "She played a pretty successful trick on me when she disappeared in the river, and I went to the expense of a funeral for another woman. A Roland

pretty successful trick on me when she disappeared in the river, and I went to the expense of a funeral for another woman. A Roland for your Oliver, Lady Martinique! I am as hard to drown as you are! What a welcome you'll give me, sweet wife, when next I present myself to you. I shall bring that little flirtation of yours to a speedy end."

But they did not fall in with a homeward-bound vessel; and as the senor began to realize how long it must be before he could hope to reach London, and how exceedingly doubtful it was if Margaret herself would ever reach there, his exulting changed to the most gnawing impatience. One thing made him wretched: the fact that those two had escaped in company. Had they taken separate boats, he might have been reconciled; but as it was, should they be taken to China or Australia, they would still be together, be free from him, and be happy. This bitter certainty made the lagging days anything but enviable.

Six weeks passed before he set his foot upon the wharf at Havana. He proposed an immediate return to England, by steamer; but so much time having already elapsed, and he was so near his own home, prudence demanded that he should pay a visit to Maracaibo before leaving again for an indefinite time. Necessity, too, had something to do with his decision; for, although he had a few hundred dollars in English bank-notes, well-soaked and dried, but not destroyed, in his purse, he had left his money,

though he had a few hundred dollars in English bank-notes, well-soaked and dried, but not destroyed, in his purse, he had left his money, chiefly in gold, with other valuables, in his trunk on the burned steamer: Upon inquiry made of an acquaintance whose warehouse was near at hand, he learned that a vessel from New York was then on the point of proceeding on to Maracaibo, and in less than an hour he was on his homeward way.

annoward way.

"What's the name of the passenger?" asked
me sailor of another, as the senor, the next day,
ame on deck, and beginning his promenade,
ooked at the rigging, the sky, and the water, as
f he longed to command them to double duty.

'He's a mighty uneasy sort of traveler; looks
is if he'd like to get astride a streak o' greased

His name is Martinique, I heard him say Liverpool in the steamer burned up; he was picked up by a vessel and brought to Cuba. Put him out some, I reckon. I don't blame him for lookin' squally."

"Martinione have lives at Maracaibal. In

lookin' squally."

"Martinique, hey?—lives at Maracaibo! Jerusha! I'd like to tell this to my Sally. I promised her, 'fore I shipped, when I got there I'd fix my eye on that very chap."

"'Quaintance o' your'n?"

"Not exactly. Intimate friend of a young lady we know."

"'Ay, ay. She'll be tickled to learn he was burnt up."

burnt up. burnt up."

"It's my private opinion she wouldn't care how quick he began his nateral course of life," murmured 'Zekiel Griggs to himself, but he did not confide this belief to his companion.

His interest in the passenger was greatly increased after learning his name, and from that time forward, as long as they were bound in the same direction, he kept a sharp eye on the unconscious senor.

onscious senor.

conscious senor.

'Zekiel Griggs, late canal-boatman, in the absence of steady winter employment, and under the magic persuasion of extra pay, had been induced to part from his Sally, and the two little ones, and enter upon an enlarged sphere of observation and action, having left his family comfortably settled in the tenement-house, and shipped for one trip to Maracaibo and back.

The vessel in which he sailed was not one of the staunchest; but having been favored with good weather, they reached port in safety; not, how-

The vessel in which he sailed was not one of the staunchest; but having been favored with good weather, they reached port in safety; not, however, without becoming convinced that important repairs would be necessary before attempting the return trip. This did not trouble the jolly sailors half as much as it did the owners and masters; they were quite equal to a heliday, especially in that tropical region, looking so beautiful to their eyes in contrast with the ice and snow they had left behind.

Zeke, who, like so many honest, hard-working Yankees, had a spice of the richest poetry in his queer composition, was delighted; it was his first experience away from home, and as he saw the orange groves, and the golden waters and deep-blue sky, and felt the kiss of the balmy winds, he only longed that Sally might be there, with the babies, to enjoy what he enjoyed.

"She would feel more romantical than ever," mused the good husband, thinking, with a sigh, of the far-away and not over-pleasant tenementhouse, and without a reproachful memory of neglected buttons and baker's bread; "she could squat in the sun, like one of these here natives, an' read novels from mornin' till night. No fires to build, an' not much clo'es to wear—an' as for cookin', a few o' those penny flap-jacks, and plenty o' juicy fruit, would be all natur' requires."

In fact, for a few days the languid effects of

In fact, for a few days the languid effects of the new climate were such on the hardy sailor, that he had Tennyson in his heart if not in his mind, and if he could have put his feelings into words, would have said, with the "Lotuseaters":

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave oh, rest ye, brother-mariners, we will not wander

But in the midst of this indolent enjoyment, he did not forget the interest felt in every move-ment of the Senor Martinique into whose com-pany he had been thrown by such mere chance. "So that's the feller that makes my dear

young lady such trouble," he would say to himself, over and over, always after meeting the senor, which he continued to do frequently for some days after the vessel came into port; for the senor had warehouses on the dock, and was very busy looking into his affairs. "He's an the senor had warehouses on the dock, and was very busy looking into his affairs. "He's an eye like one o' them serpents they says grows lively about here. Handsome, but I don't like the cut of his jib. If he sets his foot down, I swow, it would take a forty-horse power to make him take it up. I wonder if he's come back to eattle." back to settle."

It was soon evident that he had not come back to settle; for, in less than a week, the senor was off again for Havana, from whence he was to

off again for Havana, from whence he was to take steamer to Liverpool.

"What's in the wind now?" queried 'Zekiel to himself, squinting his eye as if in that way he could see more clearly into the intentions of the restless traveler. "He's bound for England—I'll lose my guess if he ain't on the track o' my dear Miss Lucille. If his ship hadn't been lost, mebbe he'd 'a' had her before now"—he had not chanced to learn that the vessel destroyed was the one in which Margaret took passage, or he would have been still more uneasy.

Zekiel's inquisitiveness came into full play, as he lingered about the town, during the hours when he was off duty, chatting with such of the natives as could speak broken English; he soon had almost the whole history of the rich Senor

natives as could speak broken English; he soon had almost the whole history of the rich Senor Martinique, as far as it was known, in this his birthplace. The brown old woman who washed his cloths for him was a perfect mine of information, and two or three small silver pieces opened her heart and loosened her tongue like magic. "Berry nice man—oh, berry; but an awful temper." She knew, for she used to be a servant in the family, when he lived with his wife. "Wife? then the senor was a widower, was hee?"

Quien sabe? It might be-it might not." By degrees he got the whole story from her how the senor had married a girl very beautiful, but not rich, with no great relatives to take her part; how he used to be fond of her, and very part; how he used to be fond of her, and very jealous. How sometimes he would rave and rage, in a perfect fury, accusing her of a passion for some other gentleman, who might have danced with her at a ball, or spoken to her on the plaza. How she, too, had a temper and will of her own—and how, finally, either she left him, or was driven away by him, and went to live in a small place back in the country, and to work like a common woman, for he would make her no allowance.

her no allowance.
"And how long since she died?" asked 'Zekiel,

with great interest.
"Quien sabe?" the narrator had heard that she perished of yellow fever two years ago that summer. The senor had had word sent to him that she was dead; but he had not even put a black band on his sombrero—"little he cared nis bachelor life suited him better."
"What name did the discarded wife go by?"

"Quien sabe?" She was not certain.
"Had the senor ever obtained a legal separa-

"Had the senor ever obtained a legal separation from her?"

"Quien sabe?" shaking her head.

"I'll find out all about it—if he had a divorce—if the lady is dead, when she died—all about it, I swow, if the Flying Oriole has to set sail without me," muttered 'Zekiel. "I'd do more'n that to serve Miss Lucille, and who knows how important this information may prove to her?"

CHAPTER XXI. APPROACHING THE VERGE.

APPROACHING THE VERGE.

BRANTHOPE MAXWELL had a fortnight in which to prepare a fable which should account for his cousin's return without exciting too much gossip and astonishment in the neighborhood. All that his wife knew of Margaret was that Branthope had had such a relative, who would have been joint heir with him to his uncle's estate, had she lived; but that she had been drowned while on her bridal-tour. Branthope had only to inform her that this supposed death was a mistake; that his cousin had been rescued, and that now, her husband having died, she had taken to the stage, for which she had always evinced an extraordinary inclination; that the Mrs. Martinique playing with such ectat, in New York, was she; that she was a woman to be proud of—that he, in short, was proud of her—that she must be immensely wealthy, and playing simply from pure love of the drama—and that she was heir, with him, to uncle Peter's estate, but that she would accept nothing of her property here; except the Villa, which, being the home of her childhood, she seemed to cherish a fancy for. He added that Margaret was coming to visit them, and to be married at the Villa in the course of a few weeks, to Mr. Kellogg, the tragedian. He suggested that they resign the place to her, since she had refused to take more, but that, if urged by her, they should finish the season there, as they first intended.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not

but that, if urged by her, they should finish the season there, as they first intended.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had really found some one of his own family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, but even the puffy old banker must be conciliated by the picture of those South American estates, cofference of the season of the seas the puffy old banker must be conciliated by the picture of those South American estates, coffee plantations, and Marcaibo warehouses. So far, so good. But when any of Margaret's old acquaintances, hearing the rumor of her reappearance, questioned him about it, he was obliged to be a little more explicit in his account of her restoration, after such stories as he had told at the time of her uncle's death, of her body having been recovered and buried. He now stated that she had been carried under a pier, had been rescued, when unconscious, by strangers; had lain a great many weeks ill of brain fever; that when she recovered, her husband had been informed—that the two were on their way to Euformed—that the two were on their way to Europe at the time he was lost by the burning of the steamer—and that now she was a widow,

rope at the time he was lost by the burning of the steamer—and that now she was a widow, with some thoughts of marrying again.

The gaps and spaces so awkward to fill were slurred over; no one thought but that she had been a widow a year at least, and as she had never had very intimate friends, it was easy to keep umpleasant particulars from being discussed. Nevertheless, there was a good deal of excitement, especially when it was understood that the lady by the name of Martinique, on the theater-boards in New York, was the same Margaret Maxwell whom they had once known.

"Only what might have been expected from a girl who ran away from her sick uncle, with a fib in her mouth, to marry a foreigner," remarked a good many, while two or three who never had been invited to the Villa, firmly made up their minds that they should not call upon a woman who had appeared in public, on the stage—that is, if they did call, it would be because curiosity overpowered prudence, and them, the respectability of the Maxwells, and the wealth of the young widow, might lend them support in this trying emergency.

because curiosity overpowered fridence, and the then, the respectability of the Maxwells, and the wealth of the young widow, might lend them support in this trying emergency.

It was a magnificent summer day, the middle of July, when Margaret finally arrived at Branthope Villa. A night shower had washed the dust from the verdure, so that the woods and fields and hills were in their fullest beauty. As she entered the hall, graceful, self-possessed, blooming with happiness, richly dressed. Mrs. Maxwell, greeting her with an affectionate embrace, did receive an impression that she had met the lady before; which impression she finally set down to the credit of a resemblance to her husband—never dreaming of associating this brilliant person with the startled, care-worn, shabily-dressed flower-maker who had interceded with her for a position for Tina.

Tina, who stood at the head of the stairs to receive the lady's hat and shawl, and conduct her to her room, scarcely repressed a faint cry as she if were but Margaret's influence was

ceive the lady's hat and shawl, and conduct her to her room, scarcely repressed a faint cry as she saw who it was; but Margaret's influence was still so powerful over her that the memory of her expressed wish gave her discretion, so that even after the door had closed upon the two, she did not speak, until the visitor said:

"My dear little Tina! I am so glad to see you here, so well and comfortable. My cousin, Mr. of course! goin' to be married in airnest at last, as you deserve. My! I

Maxwell, told me you were still with them; for you may be sure that I inquired after you. So, you are well and happy?"

Tina, laughing and crying before, now added blushing to the picture of her excitement.

"Oh, yes; I'm happier than ever I was in my life. I like it so much in the country! And I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. Martinique, and to know that nothing terrible happened to you, after all. I've fretted so much about you! And now you have come out in your true character! Don't you remember I used to accuse you of being a princess in disguise? I knew it. But I never dreamed that you were a married worth."

"Can't abide to wait till Zeke gits home to take me to the theater, to see you an' he a-playin' together! But as to the wedding, my dear, I couldn't think of it, though I'd admire to go. I hain't no suitable dress."

"What sort of dress would you prefer, if you could suit your fancy, to wear at the wedding?" asked Margaret, smiling.

"Law, now, I'm not goin' to say a word about it, for I don't want no one to be makin' me a present. A green an' white gingham's the best I've got, and I'm not goin' to shame you by comin' in that. When I was pickin' it out, I saw such a sweet, pretty cinnamon-brown silk, with a little satin figure in it, only two dollars a yard,

'I was married, but I fled from the man to "I was married, but I fled from the man to whom I was bound, within an hour after the ceremony was performed. It was to avoid him that I had so much trouble. But that is all over now—he is dead. And I am to marry one whom I love, Tina!" As she uttered this last sentence, a rapturous smile lighted her beautiful face. "I wish never, never to refer to what is past. Think of me now as a happy girl, about to wed the man I love!"

Then, as she threw off her hat and light

to wed the man Hove!"
Then, as she threw off her hat and light mantle, and looked about the room, a sudden cloud shadowed her bright face, tears rushed to

her eyes, and she exclaimed:
"This was Uncle Peter's room. I bade him good-by, here!"

good-by, here!"
She was silent for some little time. Tina saw that she was weeping. "It brings all back to me—my childhood, my dear adopted father. It seems but yesterday that I turned at this door seems but yesterday that I turned at this door to bid him a gay farewell for four or five brief days. Ah! how strange! Who of us knows where our next step will bring us? Tina, if there is time I should like to walk to the church-yard before tea; I know the place—it is but half a mile from here."

Tine seid there would be time and at her re-

a mile from here."

Tina said there would be time, and, at her request, accompanied her. Mrs. Maxwell thought it quite natural that she should desire to visit her uncle's grave, cheerfully delaying her own desire to make the acquaintance of her new cousin until the teachour. sin until the tea-hour.

when Margaret appeared at table, one might guess that she had been weeping; but her face was like a rose after a shower, all the brighter was like a rose after a shower, all the brighter for the traces of past emotion. Mrs. Maxwell was "perfectly charmed" with her—so beautiful and good-tempered and intellectual, she could not sufficiently admire her.

"I feel as if I had gained a sister," she said, before tea was over. Then, that same evening, when Margaret had sung something for her at the piano, she burst out again with:

"Branthope, I can't account for it!"

"Account for what?"

"Why you and Margaret—may I call you so?—did not make a match. I don't see how you have helped being desperately in love with her. But perhaps neither of you believe in cousins marrying."

marying."
"That's just it," answered Margaret, placidly;
"even second cousins should not marry together. If we, as children, had fancied each other, and rashly united ourselves, behold, what a mistake! I should never have met my real soul-partner, and Branthope would have missed the sweet woman who is now engaged in spoiling him."

That would have been unfortunate—for me. "That would have been unfortunate—for me," smiled Violet, her hand creeping into her husband's, who was looking full at his cousin with the bold glance of a vain man, to see, if possible, if there was not some shade of regret on her handsome face. The conceited puppy had half expected that the old associations connected with her home, and the sight of him there devoted to expected that the old associations connected with her home, and the sight of him there, devoted to his pretty wife, would make the woman whom he had once jilted unhappy. As if she read his glance, her lip just curled the slightest; but en-ough to convince him that he need not experi-

ment with the past.

From that time he bore meekly the cold half-contempt with which his cousin treated him, except when, in Violet's presence, she endeavored to appear more cordial to him; in his heart he was secretly grateful affairs were no worse. It appeared as if he were to escape with very light punishment for his offenses.

"If you will keep house until the first of Sep-tember, it will oblige me," said Margaret, when, the next morning, Mrs. Maxwell offered to resign in her favor. "Branthope says that y intended making a short tour at that time, a then returning to your city house. If so, I will keep the villa open another month, for, if Mr. Kellogg likes it, I know of no place where I should so like to spend our honeymoon. At present I need rest—absolute repose—for I have been badly tossed about the last few months."

"You shall enjoy the fullness of peace," said Violet. "I'm tired of company, myself, this warm weather, so, except such friends as come of their suppose Mr. Kellogg feels that he has the freedom of the house?"
"Thank you, Mrs. Maxwell, yes. I have in-

vited him to spend his Sabbaths here. Oh, how pleasant it seems to be at home again!"
"Six weeks is a short time for your preparations. I took six months. We must begin im-

"SIX weeks is a snort time for your preparations. I took six months. We must begin immediately, I suppose."

"No, my dear Mrs. Maxwell, I intend to order every thing ready-made—trousseau, supper, decorations, all. My dresses are already in the hands of the New York modistes; Delmonico has engaged to send out the banquet and the waiters, and I have spoken for the floral decorations—as I intend to turn this Villa into a bower of roses for the memorable occasion. So you see, really, we have very little to do, but rest and enjoy ourselves."

"Charming," cried Violet, "and I am so glad you came here to be married! I've often seen Mr. Kellogg on the stage. In truth, I don't know but I should have romantically fallen in love with him, if I had not made Branthope's acquaintance at the time. Not that I ever saw him off the stage."

"How fortunate that your fancy was diverted.

"How fortunate that your fancy was diverted in season, that he might be left for me. You shall see this hero, in traveling costume and ordinary mortal guise, to-morrow night."

During the days and weeks which followed,

Margaret lived in an atmosphere of summer splendor. No longer pursed by that restless shadow of fear, she rested and bloomed, as the flowers bloomed in the rich sunshine. She would of Shakspeare in her large statistics. She would still be stated by the state of th

ing train. The days which he spent at the Villa were golden days, rich with the happiness of two hearts capable of more joy than inferior natures.

Margaret, in her prosperity, had not forgotten the humble friends to whom she owed protec-tion, if not life itself. Before coming out to the villa she had sought out the tenement-house to which she had once made such an early visit, and had been agreeably surprised to find Mrs. Griggs still a resident therein. That kind woman and inveterate novel-reader had been thrown almost into "highsteepics" at the sight of her declaring it altogether more remantical of her, declaring it altogether more remantical than any thing she had ever read, when her visitor briefly informed her as to the main points in her eventful career, since 'Zekiel had seen her

An' that man was arter you all the time "An' that man was arter you all the time! actilly took passage on the same boat! That duz beat all, an' Sam Patch into the bargain. I don't wonder the vessel took on fire. But he's drownded now, an' I'll say no more. If the devil should die, I s'pose we'd go rakin' up his good qualities. Where's 'Zekiel! laws, you hain't heerd, have you? why, he shipped las' February on a vessel to be gone three months; but she was an old concern, an' I've a letter that she's getting repairs, which is what is keeping 'em. But I'm lookin' for him back, now, in a week or two."

gether! But as to the wedding, my dear, I couldn't think of it, though I'd admire to go. I hain't no suitable dress."

"What sort of dress would you prefer, if you could suit your fancy, to wear at the wedding?" asked Margaret, smiling.

"Law, now, I'm not goin' to say a word about it, for I don't want no one to be makin' me a present. A green an' white gingham's the best I've got, and I'm not goin' to shame you by comin' in that. When I was pickin' it out, I saw such a sweet, pretty cinnamon-brown silk, with a little satin figure in it, only two dollars a yard, but it was awful narrow, an' I just felt of it and asked the price. The hull store couldn't'a' persuaded me to take it, though, as the clerk said, it was becomin' to my complexion, for 'Zekiel, when he went away, said as how I must be equinomical, an' I mean to be."

"Well," said the young lady, "I shall send you cards, whether you come or not; and as to seeing us play, I shall not forget to send you tickets to the parquette, and I shall see you, too, when you are there, and play all the better for knowing that my best friends are enjoying it."

"La, suz, how pretty of you to say so! I'll look queer, in the parquette, with my green gingham; but I'll be sure to come, if the hull theater should laugh and whistle; an' Zeke shall bring a bouquet, and throw it on the stage, as big as that basket, if it costs ever so much."

That very afternoon, not more than two hours after her visitor had gone away, there came a knock at her door, and a package was handed in, tied up in brown paper, off which she tore the wrappings with pleasant presentiments, and unfolded to her delighted view a cinnamon-brown silk of a much richer quality than the one she had coveted—also a neat white shawl, and a pair of gloves.

It was plain that Miss Margaret would not consider the wedding feetivities convolute writh.

of gloves.

It was plain that Miss Margaret would not consider the wedding festivities complete with-outher, and she began to hope that 'Zekiel would return in time to share in the triumphs of the

occasion.

But the dress was made up and laid away in the bureau "draw" along with the shawl. The ship in which "Zekiel sailed returned, and yet 'Zekiel himself came not. Her anxious inquiries were answered by the purser, that "Zeke had come up missin" at the last moment—whether had desented or whether some aggident had come up missin' ne had deserted, he had deserted, or whether some accident had befallen him, they did not know, but were afraid of some mishap, as he was the steadiest of all their hands, the last one they should expect to

their hands, the last one they should expect to play them a trick.

That evening, as Miss Sally sat crying, and holding both her children in her lap, fretting about her husband, a sailor called and left her a note, which he said his comrade had confided to him to be delivered secretly.

"Zeke is all right, ma'am," he said, with a wink of the eye; "but he wasn't just ready to leave Maracaibo. There'll be another vessel from there in a couple o' weeks, an' he'll be aboard her, if Yellow Jack don't git hold of him afore he's off."

Mrs. Griggs read the brief letter, which was

Mrs. Griggs read the brief letter, which was only satisfactory in proving that her husband was alive, and had remained behind of his own DEAR SALLY don't be scart about me. I would

"DEAR SALLY, don t be scart about me. I would not do any thing so bad as to leave my messmates in the lurch, only I'm on the wake of a little craft as will make somebuddy we both know very happy, if I can bring her to, which may seme pirattical, but must be done fer the wellfare of her who has had so much trouble. Jim will give you this. I expect to be home in two weeks. Kiss the babies, my dear Sally, and be a good girl till you see, Z. G."

"He'll be back in time for the wedding, arter all," reflected Mrs. Sally, well pleased; "but what he means, or who he refers to, a buddy could no more tell than they could guess the riddle about Jonah an' the whale."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 351.)

OLD LETTERS.

am sitting alone by the desolate hearthstone, am sitting atone by the desolate heartmistone, Reading their letters while memories flow; stirring my soul to its uttermost fountains, Like echoes of harp-strings that broke long ago. The keeping them all for the sake of my darlings, Loved ones and lost ones—they number but

seven.
Two who are sorrowing—one who is wandering,
Four who have passed through the portals of Four who Heaven.

Here is the letter all post-marked and blackened,
Jamie was coming from over the sea:
Idolized Jamie—our blithe brother Jamie,
Coming to home and to mother and me.
Here is another for Jamie's pet sister,
Some pitying stranger had written to me,
Jamie was sleeping—our Jamie was sleeping
Under the beautiful, sorrowful sea.
Here is the missive from Bertha, our beauty,
Bertha, who wedded the heir of the Grange,
She is a lady in satin and diamonds,
Beautiful Bertha—but altered and strange.
Still, for the sake of the winsome wee sister,
Dear little Bertha so gentle and fair,
I am keeping this record of Bertha's first sorrow,
Bertha's affection and Bertha's despair.
I see her sometimes in the pride of her grandeur,

Bertha's affection and Bertha's despair.

I see her sometimes in the pride of her grandeur,
Haughty and stately and cold as the snow,
And pity the child for the mask she is wearing,
And sigh for the heart lying broken below.

It seems like a dream that the fair jeweledsingers
In bitterness traced the few lines that I read:

"Come to me, sister—I seem to be dying,
I loved him, I lost him—I would I were dead."

This, in its envelope war-worn and tattered,
Is a letter from father to her he loved best—
Father who died on the red field of honor,
With Liberty's blood flowing out from his breast,
Glad was the hour when the glad shout of victory
Swelled at the nation's high heart like a flood,
But costly the triumph, ah! dear was the victory,
Bought at the price of my father's best blood.

Bought at the price of my father's best bloomer is the tear-blotted farewell from Lula, Lula who would be an actress, she said. Silver-voiced Lula, who flitted with summer; Were is she? where is she? living or dead? Never a word from the willful young rover, The joy or the grief of her fate is untold; But the bitterest drop in my cup is for Lula Lula, the darling lost lamb of the fold. Under the turf, daisy-starred and fresh springing, My dearest has folded her hands on her breast; They wanted new angels to praise Him in heaven, And mother, dear mother, was called with the

Ah! but I missed her through long nights of anguish,
Choking with sobs that I could not repress,
While the fair golden head of poor motherless Lily
Nestled to sorrowful sleep on my breast.
Here is the message that Lily was dying;
Mother's sweet baby I reared as my own;
Seventeen summers the angels had lent her,
Then Lily, the bride of a twelvemonth, was flown.
I kissed her cold lips and I kissed her dead baby,
Lily's fair baby, and robed them in white;
And the dear golden head that once slept on my
bosom.

bosom, Dreams on a drearier pillow to-night. I am keeping this one for the sake of my love; The loving and loved of my life's perished May; And here is the ringlet whose gold matched my

tresses
Ere trouble and time changed the golden to gray.
Something about it—a thought of caresses—
A waft of the perfume he fancied the best—
Couches the spring of a grief unforgotten,
And gushes of feeling are shaking my breast.

Ah, me! when the sad tears of memory are flowing.
In sorrowful retrospect over the past,
What trilles they seem that have made up the measure
Of anger that sunders our hearts to the last.
Word lightly spoken—a ring and a ringlet
Sent back to the hearts that could prize them no

And the fate of two proud, loving hearts has been

And life's lonely problem is—how to endure! And life's lonely problem is—how to endure!
Pshaw! this is weakness! I thought I was braver;
I, who am gray-haired, and wrinkled and old;
I am scarcely so brave as my poor litt's Bertha,
Who trampled her sorrow and wedded for gold.
Poor ringlet! poor letter! good-by lonely pledges
That torture my soul with such hopeless regret,
For never again will I gaze on the pages
Where the love and the hopes of a lifetime are set,

Where the love and the hopes of a lifetime are set Where is the ribbon? There, tie up the letters; Sorrowful records of home's scattered band; "Tis lonely without them, I weary of waiting To clasp them again in a happier land. I was the first-born, their comfort, their darling, I am the last and the loneliest now; Waiting to go when the Father shall call me—The last lonely leaf Autumn hangs on the bough.

E-- THE BARDROWY FOURWARDS -E--



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WILD, ITTENSE AND PECULIAR,

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Sunshine Papers

A Question.

"FILTHY old creatures!" said I. The creatures referred to were men; the remark being made upon the occasion of a morning ride in a horse-car, and my ire aroused by the fact that out of the ten masculines seated opposite me seven had transformed themselves into industriously ruminating animals, and were lending themselves, sedulously, to the task of making that car-floor a place that would have disgraced

that car-noor a place that would have disgraced the most slovenly porker in the United States.

Let me say, alike to people with minds unprejudiced in favor of that delicious weed, tobacco, and to those whose idol it is—an idol to which they cling, oftentimes, more faithfully than love, or home, or hope of heaven—that my ride was not taking alose in the carly worning when love, or home, or hope of heaven—that my ride was not taking place in the early morning, when only the working class filled the cars, but at that hour when business gentlemen (?) were on their way down-town, ladies, richly attired for calls and shopping, were also travelers, and a small sprinkling of the clergy completed the list of passengers. And, great respect as I have for the covariance of the control of the control of the control of the clergy completed the list of passengers. passengers. And, great respect as I have for the so-called divines, truth compels me to pro-claim that no amount of piety suggests to some of them that filthiness and rudeness are scarcely consistent parts of a clergyman's character and acts. Laity and clergy were alike protested against in the indignant ejaculation which was the vocal outgrowth of offended olfactories, disgusted vision, nauseated stomach, and insulted

womanhood.

Eleven passengers occupied the side of the car a woman, three were, evidently, gentlemen, seven were well-dressed pieces of masculinity, all nearly or more than middle-aged. These last were engrossed with their morning papers, meantime rolling sweet morsels of tobacco in their mouths, posoning the air with its older and meanime rolling sweet morsels of tobacco in their mouths, poisoning the air with its odor and saturating the floor with horrible stains; from ruinous contact with which the ladies found it quite impossible to wholly guard their dresses, without adopting such method of defense as would have laid them open to the charge of awful immodesty from these same grave and critical chewers.

quent acts offensive to good taste; they rendered their own personal appearance often disgusting; they made filthy the surroundings of each of their traveling companions; besides doing actual damage to the property of several of these companions. What would they not have thought, and said, had some person chosen to stain and soil the seats upon which rested their handsome winter overcoats? Yet the insult would not have been one whit the less than they, deliberately, offered to every woman who, taking a seat within the car, was forced to bear away with her skirts to some degree injured by their filthy defiance of all laws of propriety.

Can it be possible for a man who uses tobacco in any form, to excess, to be a gentleman? Now, my soowling friends of the sterner sex, just save your frowns and anathemas for some

now, my scowning friends of the sterner sex, just save your frowns and anathemas for some one who dreads them, and ask yourself, seriously, that question, and see what honesty will claim as an answer. There are many men, as well as women, to whom the sight of a man chewing that disgusting vegetable, defiling his own breath, teeth, lips, mustache, and beard, and all the places and property surrounding him, is shocking to the taste, repulsive to the smell, trying to the nerves, and wholly sickening. Is any creature a gentleman who will thus torture one of his fellows? And how can he avoid constantly doing so unless he restrains himself, entirely, from such use of tobacco in the presence of every acquaintance or stranger with whose feelings on the subject he is not familiar? And where may be found a person addicted to the use of tobacco who is enough his own master to restrain himself in such a degree? just save your frowns and anathemas for some

gree?
Of most smokers the question may be as significantly asked, can they be thorough gentlemen? Is it gentlemanly to render fifthy a public walk, or hall, or conveyance, or a stranger's or acquaintance's office or house? Is it gentlemanly to do that which is injurious to the property and senses of others? Is it gentlemanly to smoke in the presence of ladies? Is it gentlemanly to smoke in any place where you lack positive evidence of it not being disagreeable to all those who will be affected thereby? Is it gentlemanly to come into the presence of women, or to solicit the caresses of mother, sister, friend, sweetheart, child, or wife, with lips and breath poisoned and impure?

impure?
And no man who uses tobacco can avoid trespassing, more or less often, upon the rights of society, and dear ones; for the poison is a tyrant, who owns no subjects but slaves!

A Parson's Daughter.

"HOPE ON, HOPE EVER."

How many a person goes, day after day, to the post-office—sometimes walking many a mile —in hopes to receive some money due, money which has been fairly and legitimately earned and money which is actually needed to meet debts due and pay the actual necessary daily expenses! Sometimes the lives of many depend upon the reception of a certain amount which may be small to the debtor yet large to the creditor. With a heart almost sick, and with a reary sigh, the disappointed ones turn from the rindow, only to go through the same feelings

window, only to go through the same reelings on the morrow.

But hope keeps the spirit up, and it is that hope which keeps one from suffering too much the weight of a heavy disappointment. "It surely must come to-morrow" are words often said, and these words, simple though they are, inspire one with courage. When we see so much money in circulation and changing hands, and have enough for our own needs, it seems strange that a person should feel any great disappointment at the non-reception of a few dollars! They may be a few, but it may mean food, warmth and clothing, perhaps very life itself! It may be all they have to depend upon; and were it not for hope how terrible at times would the suffering be. Why, without hope, men often times would go mad for their necessities. The city is in commotion; excitement is de-

often times would go mad for their necessities. The city is in commotion; excitement is depicted upon every cheek; a great battle has been fought; newsboys are running here and there, shouting the dreadful tidings. With trembling eyes how many scan the pages of the paper! There have been loved fathers, husbands, brothers and sons in that struggle, and now the list of the dead and wounded is carefully, hurriedly or solemnly read. The name you feared to find there is not in print, and, though you know there may be errors and names omitted, yet your heart is filled with hope that he may yet be alive and well. In your own hopeful happiness you may forget to think how sadly may the hearts of those whose loved one's names are there be stricken.

e read of the explosion of a stea destruction of a railway train, or the falling of some mammoth factory. We read the glaring head-line '500 LIVES LOST!" and, after saying "What a terrible disaster!" we give it no more thought. Yet, each of those five hundred lives was dear to some, and perhaps twice five hundred lives are made wretched at their loss. In some homes hope has not entirely deserted the household. They live in hopes that their friends may not have been among that five hundred. It may seem somewhat selfish, this merely thinking of our own, but "we love our own the best"; it is no more than natural, and certainly like human nature. Would the inventor toil so long over his work, after having made so many failures, were it not for the hope of arriving at perfection at last? Hope cheers him; it inspires perfection at last? Hope cheers him; it inspires him; it makes the hours seem shorter and his work less hard. Hope fills the heart of the struggling author and actor; it encourages one to persevere; it is a beacon light to guide one safely. Suppose this hope has buoyed one up through life, and at its end that life has not proved a profitable one, has it not been made better for that hope? Hope never ruined any one, to my knowledge, but despondency has sent many a poor soul to their grave. "It is better to rub than rust"—it is better to hope than pine.

better to rub than rust"—it is better to hope than pine.

We know of an old lady who has but few comforts in this world, and yet she makes the most of those comforts. She bears her deprivations with true Christian fortitude and always has a smile and a pleasant word for one and all. She lives by hoping. Another one we call to mind who is just the reverse. She is exceedingly doleful and morose, always bitterly lamenting her fate and bewailing that she is deprived of this, that or the other thing. She lives by moping. Which of these two, think you, has the pleasantest life? I know which is the most agreeable companion. Don't mope. the most agreeable companion. Don't mope. Do hope! Homely expressions, eh! I will give you a more beautiful one: "If it wasn't for hope the heart would break." EVE LAWLESS.

WINTER STYLES FOR CHILDREN.

As to the mid-winter styles for the young As to the mid-winter styles for the young folks, a good authority tells us that there is very little change in the cut of children's dresses. The robe Anglaise, with its long cuirass back, plain front, and small skirt joined in the back, is still the most favored style. Sometimes the back and front are cut like the princess dress, while the sides form a back or the sides for the sides f meantime rolling sweet morsels of tobacco in their mouths, poisoning the air with its odor and saturating the floor with horrible stains; from ruinous contact with which the ladies found it quite impossible to wholly guard their dresses, as would have laid them open to the charge of away ful immodesty from these same grave and critical chewers.

Now, I have seen it asserted, in every book of ciquette I ever examined, that it was highly improper and impolite for a person to spit in company. [My readers must excuse me that I am forced to a use of unadorned English.] Moreover, the impropriety of such acts is conceed and taught by persons who have never seen the inside of a book of ciquette. Yet these seven creatures, whom it would be an insult to a large portion of mankind to call gentlemen, sat there, with nublushing effrontery, defying an accepted rule of politeness and that great golden rule which is the integral part of all chivalry and etiquette. They polluted the air which a score of persons beside themselves were forced to breathe; they indulged in free stains, from the season, and by-and-such was extra greased for the occasion, and by-and-such the sides form a basque, with a small skirt joined to the side seams. The different ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the buttons also change the general ways of arranging the center of the suit, they are sometimes placed in rows down the center, and sometimes in biases.

A dress for a little girl about ten or eleven ways of arranging the center of age

tons down the middle. The back is cut like a paletot which is pointed in the middle, falling over a small plaited skirt, which is sewed to a belt taken in at the side seams and hooked in the middle of the back underneath. The dress closes in the back of the tight-fitting paletot by means of two rows of small buttons, which are button-

of two rows of small buttons, which are buttoned down to the end of the point. The seams under the arms are also trimmed with one row of small buttons, making the back altogether distinct from the remainder of the dress. Falling over the middle of the skirt in the back is a wide blue ribbon sash. The sleeves are finished at the wrist by a ruffle and a band.

Another pretty combination is a gray cachemire dress, trimmed with bias white foulard bands striped with pink. The short skirt is surrounded by a deep bias foulard band; below the band is a narrow plaited flounce, also of foulard. The polonaise laces in the back, opens in the neck in shawl shape, and is trimmed all around with bias bands of foulard. The polonaise is raised in the back and puffed, and in front it forms an apron. The opening in the neck is trimmed with a foulard band. The sleeves are finished at the wrist by a cachemire plaiting surmounted by a bias band of foulard, ornamented on the outside with buttons.

Foolscap Papers.

Some Suggestions.

ON CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION is the art of converting the at nosphere into words and sentences. You should learn to talk a good deal, if you

don't say much.
You know how aggravating a long talker is to you, so talk right along and allow him no chance Make a desperate effort and try to say as much truth as you can without spoiling the nar-

rative.

Never speak disrespectfully of anybody pres-

ent if you can avoid it.

Be discreet, and waste no words; take your hearer by the button-hole and make him hear every word you say. If he shows signs of languor and weariness shake him up and speak

If you have visitors to dinner do your best to engage them in conversation; it preserves good feeling—and a large remainder of victuals. If you can talk on two things at once you will receive twice the attention you otherwise

will receive twice the attention you do all would.

Talk fast so no one else can get a word in edgeways, even if he splits it.

Be charitable, and always ready to give freely your opinion on a subject.

When you are talking with a person who knows more about the subject than you do always—but, stop! That is not likely to occur.

Never talk too high—unless you are talking about yourself, when you can talk as high as you please.

Nothing interests a party so much as to hear you talk about yourself, and you should avoid speaking disrespectfully or disparagingly of yourself.

Don't talk too low—unless you happen to be saying something about your neighbor.

Never interrupt a man talking unless to relieve the monotony.

Never talk about the hard times in company

lways observe that you never really saw bet-er times in your life; this will have a cheerful ffect on your hearers. You should never whisper in company unless

you wish to say something which you do not wish any one else to hear, for it naturally leads others to think you are saying something of them—if they happen to know your proclivities

Remember that it is by conversation that you let people know what you have in your head—if anything.

Never say anything over twice, unless it is a

good pun you have made.

In conversing, treat everybody as if they were your equals, even if you have to humble yourself some, and call no man a falsifier save

in the most respectful manner.

Never allow anybody to correct you, and in no case correct yourself

no case correct yourself.

The faster you can talk the more you can say.
Remember that; and set it down as a rule that ears from their natural construction were made more to hear with than for ornament, and mouths as much to talk with as anything else.

Avoid putting a jest on anybody unless it is irresistible.

Always speak your own mind as much as you can, and no one else's.

In arguments never agree with another's views, because it tends to monotony; dispute every inch of the soil, and by the time you grow eloquent in personal epithets your hearers will manifest the greatest interest in the discussion

In conversing let your arms fly around elo-quently, and if you occasionally take the man nearest you on the nose it will wake him up; and always slap the man you are talking par-ticularly to on the knee with a vim, it will keep

him from going to sleep.

Always quote a poetic passage to suit yourself and the case you are arguing.

Never allow the conversation to flag just because you are ignorant of the subject. Keep a stiff upper lip, but a dreadfully active lower

ne. Never sit like a mummy with your hands

olded and say nothing, even if some one else If you do get started on a theme which you annot handle—and there's not much danger—t is a very easy thing to gently taper it off upon comething else, adroitly.

something else, adroitly.

If you can put a little sense into conversation it might do once in awhile.

If you run out of conversation you will find the stock of secrets which have been confided to you a very good thing to draw from, and withal very entertaining. In most cases, if possible lesve out the real names.

with a very good thing to draw from, and with a very entertaining. In most cases, if possible, leave out the real names.

You should endeavor to become such an expert in the art of conversation that your periods would be just as entertaining as your sen-

Your right hand may not know what your left hand does, and your tongue may say what your mind knows nothing about, with facility A little grammar sprinkled as it were from a

pepper-castor over your discourse would pleasing, if odd.

pleasing, if odd.

Remember if the night is cold a long conversation with the host at the door on some subject you have accidentally left out would help pass away a good deal of time before you leave.

If you can relate an incident better than a party who is telling it, for the benefit of the company present, you should take it out of his mouth, and he will feel much relieved—from telling it.

ing it.

Learn to converse as fluently as if your voice was extra greased for the occasion, and by-andby if the company in the room don't get anxious
to have you talk out you can go and buy me a
new suit of clothes; and if they don't take your
art as a mark of good breeding they'll at least
think you belong to a breed of good marking.
And now, as I've had my talk, it's your turn.
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

The latest London industry is the collection of oleaginous deposits in the mud of the hames. It is quite profitable, the mud-gathers making three shillings and sixpence a ay. Small globes made of cork, and lined with air, are planted in the mud at low tide, and the tty substances in the water adhere to them. his miscellaneous grease is manufactured into esh butter for the London market! Butter! gh!

Ugh!

—A Virginia City, (Nev.) justice is very confidential in his court-room. 'Most men make fools of themselves when they marry," he remarked one morning. "Now, I called the turn when I got spliced. Do you know, boys, I don't never buy a bit of wood hardly. The old woman is always nosing round and snatching a board here and there, an' she's so down on Chinamen that she does all her own washing. All women ain't like her, though. Most of 'em want to put in ten hours a day in a rocking-chair. My old hen ain't had a new dress for three years."

hen ain't had a new dress for three years."

—Prince Gortschakoff the Russian Premier, is noted for his abstemious habits. He never drinks wine and never smokes. He drinks a cup of coffee before rising, and eats but two meals a day. Retiring very early in the evening, he sleeps ten or twelve hours. His regular habits have kept his frame in such excellent condition that he does not feel the infirmities of old age at all. He was born in 1793, entered upon his diplomatic career under Count Neselrode, and became the foreign minister of Russia at the close of the Crimean campaign.

-The ex-Empress Fugenie is in no particular —The ex-Empress Fugenie is in no particular danger of starvation. She has real estate in Paris valued at \$1,095000, on which there are mortgages to the extent of \$210,000. Then in the provinces scattered about, she has estates worth at least \$1,600000. Only one of these is mortgaged. Besides all these, the Bonaparte family possess large estates in Spain, Italy. Switzerland, Corsica, and England. As for the personal property, estimates vary, some of them reaching nearly \$15,000,000, and others falling as low as \$5,000,000. The Emperor was what the American housewife calls "a good provider."

vider."

—One of Brigham Young's sons is known as Prince Briggy. The Gentiles explain that the title was acquired several years ago during his sojourn in England. He rode in a coach behind six gray horses, and on one occasion his coachman, while driving through the streets of London, disregarded the command of the Queen's guards to give the road to her Royal Highness and attendants. This led the officer in charge of the cavalcade to ask the name of the distinguished stranger. The reply was, "I'm Prince Brigham, sir, of Utah."

The little French town of Bernay was rather startled recently by the sudden irruption of a herd of wild boars, which rushed down the Rue Lisieux. In the first moment of terror the inhabitants retired to their houses and closed the doors, but the male population, recovering from their alarm, proceeded to do battle with the invaders, twelve in number. Attacked with fire-arms, the wild boars seem to have completely lost their heads, and six of then fell without having inflicted any loss on the enemy. One was killed while attempting to swim across the river, and two took refuge in stable, where they were made prisoners. A find in boar effected his retreat with dignity, and reached the forest of Alencon in safety. While these events were passing in the town, another herd of wild boars, issuing from the forest of Erocourt, made its way to the woods of Meune val and St. Leger. -The little French town of Bernay was rath

—Madame Rudersdorf, the singer, has a beautiful model farm at Lakeside, Mass. It is cultivated under her own eyes to a charm, and she owns quantities of the most valuable livestock. She makes remarkable butter, so good that it is sold in Boston for ninety cents a pound. The best bread families, we suppose buy that butter. There is some satisfaction in paying a prima downa five hundred dollars a night when she spends it all in our midst. But this paying millions to foreign "artists," who hasten from our shores to spend their easily won fortunes, is not "just the thing."

—Prof. James Russell Lowell was so pleased by Gen Bartlett's suggestion that even dime novel reading was to be encouraged as a leader toward better reading that he thanked its author, and said he meant to expand it in an essay and dedicate a book on reading, of which this should be a part, to Gen. Bartlett. And therein Professor Lowell showed his good sense. The dime novels sold by hundreds of thousands during the late war, and were, in one sense, a great comfort and blessing to the soldier. Written as they were by most reputable authors, expressly for the series, they were, as a rule, admirable little books, many of which, we dare say, General Bartlett himself read with real enjoyment. We refer, of course to Beadle's Dime Novels. The flood of trash—called ten cent novel, greatly injured the reputation of cheap books generally, but they almost all have drifted out of sight, while the Beadle Dime Novels still hold on the even tenor of their way of

—While a party of miners were descending the inclined plane of the Yellow Jacket mine, Virginia City, Nev., a few days ago, they came upon a fellow-laborer sitting on one of the timbers and leaning against the sill, with his head on his arm. He was dead, but his body was still warm with the intense heat, which stood at 130° at that level. He had gone down the Yellow Jacket to the 1,700-foot level about 11 o'clock the night before, and had passed thence to the same level of the Imperial to relieve a comrade who was working 2,000 feet under ground. The man who was waiting for him tolled through the night, wondering why his comrade did not come to take his place. The miner was probably overcome by the intense heat, and was unable to reach the cooling-house, which was close by. Our readers, from this, may infer what it is to work so far under ground. As heat increases about one degree for every 80 feet in depth, it is quite possible to go down with a mine far enough to come to actual fire.

—Mr. I. Q. C. Lamar, the Georgia member of Congress, once talked about poets and poetry to an enthusiastic young contributor to The Boston Times. She says: "Of course it was not ong before I wanted to know his favorite, and twas not a little surprised to hear him name Whittier. 'And which of his poems do you like the best?' I asked, with an instant resolve or rausack the village bookstore for a 'Whittier.' 'Oh, his slavery poems are the best he ever wrote; such fire, such spirit! What a fine year wrote; such fire, such spirit! What a fine year wrote; such fire, such spirit! What a fine year wrote; such fire, such spirit! What a fine year wrote; such fire, such spirit! What a fine year wrote; such fire, such spirit! what a fine years would be man had who could write this '—and then he repeated some of Whittier's thrilling, bassionate verses, his eye lighting with what must have been merely an intellectual appreciation—for the ex-slaveholder and fiery Southern soldier could hardly sympathize fully with im who wrote,

German financiers are talking about coining a new trade dollar. Within the next three years the government will have to sell over fifteen millions sterling of coin of great fineness, and the theory is that it will be advantageous to make the trade dollars of the same degree of fineness, so that they will be taken in the East Indies and China in preference to coins of a lower standard. The Economist says that the new trade coin will be 998-1,000 fine, with a mint charge of ½ per cent. while the American trade dollar is only 900-1,000 fine, with a mint charge of ½ per cent. It will be an enormous job to crowd out the American trade dollar is only 900-1,000 fine, with a mint charge of 1½ per cent. It will be an enormous job to crowd out the American trade dollars which San Francisco has been pouring into the coffers of China, Japan and India. London merchants now pay for their tea and spices by telegraphing to San Francisco orders for the shipment of American silver The delay caused by the shipment of silver directly from Germany and the enormous scale on which the new trade dollar will have to be introduced, render the success of the experiment problematical.

ment problematical.

—And now ends that Silver Spring story, for the Oregon City Enterprise says: "Bent. Davids returned last week from the celebrated Silver Mud Springs in Waco County. From all that we could learn from the gentleman we should judge that he is not very favorably impressed with the 'bonanza.' He broughtsix lots of this mud to be assayed by Mr. Hurley, and two lots which have been assayed do not bear any trace of silver, and the rest will probably give the same result. As we stated before, the ore assayed by Mr. Hurley last week was furnished by the owners of the bonanza."

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Trapper Detective;" "The Mar-riage Certificate;" "Miss Montford's Money;" "Wanted—A Wife;" "Mary Jane's Christmas;" "The Pilot of the Night;" "A Temple in the Wil-derness;" "Yes, I Won't;" "The Mercy Undeserv-

Accepted: "Song of the Grateful;" "When I am Dead;" "The Answer;" "A Listener at the Door;" "Little Glen Howard's Faith; "A Jolly Grief;" "Ben Hammond's Wife;" "The Lady of the Gulch;" "Old Wax-Eye."

Gulch;" "Old Wax-Eye."

To Authors. We do not usually retain rejected MS., to be held subject to order, yet we do not usually destroy .4S. that we know may be used elsewhere. To have MS. returned promptly, if unavailable, stamp.: should be sent, for such return, along with the MS.

EDDY R. "Oroide" gold is merely a cheap composition—not a speck of gold in it.

MISS N. A. S. The favorite winter hat is of felt. Velvet is some worn. Fur hats are very little worn

Worn

OLD JACK D. Don't knowmuch about the changes in the patent. Write to or call on Munn & Co's Patent Agency, New York.

Mrs. P. R. O. You can hold property, and buy and sell it in your own name, without your hus band's consent, in most of the States.

J. Armstrong. As records of birth, baptism, marriage, and death are kept in the Irish parishes, why not write to Ireland for the information?

ANDEW R. We account or valiest not always on

Andrew R. We accept or reject, not always on the mere literary character of the contributions, and can not be at the trouble of giving reasons. OLNEY E. K. A mechanic who expects to succeed, now-a-days, must have learned his trade well. We should say stay, by all means, if you are improvement.

Bob R, asks: "Can you tell one of your suffering readers, a speedy and sure cure for the toothache?"—Suppose you try an application of damp cotton, dipped in pulverized alum and salt.

ELSIE E. If a young man affronts you in a way you can not properly show resentment, avoid him, and, of course, refuse his company until he has amply apologized. If he refuses to apologize, he is just the person to drop, entirely.

NEDDY. A school teacher must enforce order and discipline. If you and the young lady committed an infraction of the proper rules of the school, he did perfectly right in reproving you, and your idea of "resenting it, for her sake," is wrong.

Henry M. You are, of course, old enough to be-gin to think of acting for yourself, but should still consult your mother and sister. If you have a taste for drawing or design, try, by all means, to cultivate it. Use a set of "copy" books. They will partly assist you in off-hand sketching.

will partly assist you in oir-nand scecoming.

Mrs. M. K. The sketch is unfinished, and imperfect as a manuscript. It is wholly useless to attempt to write for the press, now-a-days, unless well fitted, by talent and education, for the work. It is a very exacting profession—that of authorship, and only those succeed who are best qualified.

E. M. J. The colleges now very generally have special courses. You are not compelled to study the languages in such courses, but pursue such studies or branches as you wish. We would commend you to the Stevens In-titute, Hoboken, N. J. It is one of the best technical schools in the country.

W. M. Self denial is a virtue, but can be carried so far as to be unjust both to yourself and to others. Where you can confer pleasure to yourself and others by a simple act, it would be inflicting unnecessary punishment not to enjoy the pleasure. Be considerate always, and confer and receive favors in a spirit of willingness that will make you a valued friend. Young Housekeeper. The recipe you ask for, for "glossed" shirt bosoms, is: Take two ounces of fine gum-arabic powder, pour on a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clear bottle, cork and keep it for use. Add a teaspoonful of this gum water to a pint of starch made in the usual way.

Honest Boy. "Old Zack" Taylor was a Virginian by birth—born November 24, 1784. In 1814 he commanded an expedition against the British and Indians. In 1832 he was in the Black Hawk war. In 1836 served against the Seminoles, and was breveted to the rank of brigadier-general. In 1847 he was engaged in the Mexican war. March 4, 1849, he was inaugurated President. and died on the 9th of July, 1850.

Spencer Gaines. To go to Chili or Peru, you take Panama steamer at New York, cross the Isthmus, and take steamer down the coast. The coins of Chili are (in one cents): Gold, doubloon, 1,559, ten pesos, 915; silver, old dollar, 106, new dollar, ninety-eight. The coins of Peru are (in cents): Gold, doubloon, 1,555; silver, dollar, old, 166, ditto of 1858, sixty-four; half ditto of 1858, thirty-eight.

AMY NOSTRAND, Alton, Vt. One way in which thoughtful young ladies, like yourself, may practice economy during these "hard times," even in regard to little matters, is, by recourse, occasionally, to the services of the dyer. The lace scarfs of bright colors of which you speak, are very stylish here; but the way in which many ladies obtain them is by having their Russian point-lace ties, and other laces of last year, dyed cardinal, myrtle-green, marine blue, etc.

green, marine blue, etc.

IRON-MASTER writes: "I am a young man who works in iron; and, as I go out considerable, I should be very much obliged to you if you would tell me of something which would take the iron stains from my hands."—We learn, from excellent authority, concerning your case, that nothing will remove the stains rapidly. In time they will wear off. If they are a source of annoyance to you, console yourself with the thought that the more gold the stains of the iron represent, the less they will be seen by those with whom you associate.

will be seen by those with whom you associate.

"Happy Hus" writes: "What should a gentleman do when he receives from a very dear lady friend an invitation to a social gathering, and the invitation does not include his wife, to whom the friend is a total stranger? How often should a gentleman dance with his wife at a party? Do you think a lady should resent a gentleman's kissing her hand as he helps her into her carriage?" Refuse, of course! your friend should know enough to invite your wife; her being a stranger in nowise excuses the insult. Dance with her but once.—Certainly not, if the gentleman does so in a graceful and respectful manner.

tainly not, if the gentleman does so in a graceful and respectful manner.

Miss C. S. E. asks: "If an engagement-ring is returned to a young gentleman, because of the breaking off of the engagement, and the gentleman confers the ring on another lady, as an engagementing, would this latter lady be justified in resenting the presentation and returning the ring? A lady friend of mine has received a ring that was once before used, and she thinks it is a real afront."—If the young lady is willing to accept a cast-off lover, why should she think it a serious afform the new which, by the freedom symbolized by its return to him, enabled him to become her wooer? The gentleman may not once have thought that his second love would be offended at wearing the ring, so long as it bore no marks connecting it with its previous use. Still, as this matter of rings is apt to affect a lady's vanity more seriously than the fact that her lover has been some other lady's lover, most thoughtful men would carefully avoid doing anything as unfortunate as did the gentleman you mention. If the lady returns the ring, we would advise her to do so in the most delicate manner, lest she may give the gentleman cause to think that she is secretly jealous and unforgiving, that she was not his first preference as well as the first wearer of the ring he offers.

Miss L. M. says: "I have had several heart dispendent of the content of the ring he offers.

was not his first preference as well as the first wearer of the ring he offers.

Miss L. M. says: "I have had several heart disappointments. Men seem to be very insincere. Three gentlemen have paid me marked attentions; and so marked that my friends all thought it a match;" but when I had a right to expect that it was, the gentleman, in every case, has made some trifling excuse and left me. I am very sure it is no fault of mine, and they never pretend it is; but I am so disgusted and hurt by such insincerity and deception, that I feel as if I never want a gentleman to pay me special attention any more. Am I right or wrong in this? and what ought ladies do to protect themselves against such treatment?"—You must not believe, because you have been so unfortunate a succession of times, that all men are unmanly and insincere; but we would advise you in future to be remarkably circumspect in your intercourse with your friends of the other gender. Be as fascinating as you may, in manners, conversation, and appearance; but demean yourself in such a manner as will compel the gentlemen to entertain for you the highest respect as well as admiration. Treat them always with dignity, and when by constant attention, or in any other manner, they have led you to suppose that they loved you, either allow your father or elder brother to courteously inquire of them their intentions, or, yourself, by a little assumption of coolness, or some other delicately femine art, compel them to define their position or relax their attentions.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

DREAMLAND.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

Twas the breath of the flowers That through long summer hours
In beauty and silence were springing,
And the waves of the river
That with sunlight a-quiver
In murmuring whispers were singing—

That called thoughts of gladness To moments of sadness And brightened the beautiful day, With memories olden Of days sweet and golden That vanished in mist-wreaths away!

Fond hopes I had cherished, Fair dreams that had perished Came back with the summer-time glow, When I reaped for the flowers That grew in youth's hours A harvest of passionate woe!

Oh! dreamland of splendor! Where thoughts sweet and tender Can come at the heart's faintest call! There is joy for the meekest And strength for the weakest

Then faces will greet us,
And footsteps will meet us
That long ago vanished away!
And the heart will grow tender
'Neath the mystical splendor
And glow of the beautiful day!

And vows that were spoken
To be rudely broken
Will thrill with the sweetness of old,
And spirits that languish
With sorrow and anguish
The pinions of peace will enfold!

Stories of Chivalry. THE LETTRES DE CACHET.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"I THOUGHT you were going to make a sug-

gestion, Duke."

"For once your thoughts were right, Marmon.

Lettres de cachet are in the market."

"But not one would be given to Marmon de
Briese. The queen does not like the name I bear, and the lieutenant of police dare not sell me

one."
"The queen and yourself at the outs? Pray explain, for this is news to me. It will excite Parisian society."
"The queen and yourself at the outs? Pray explain, for this property wasting time about. I

Parisian society."

"Tis nothing worth wasting time about. I wouldn't fiirt with her majesty, and so she has forbidden me the palace. All Paris is wondering why Marmon de Briese was not present at the reception of Don Juan, of Spain. I don't care that for the queen!" and the handsome young speaker snapped his white fingers derisively. "I owe her no gratitude. Our people's morals might mend if she were back in Poland."

"Not so loud, please. There are people in the next room, and your voice is known everywhere. But, to business. If a lettre de cachet will serve

next room, and your voice is known every waster.
But, to business. If a lettre de cachet will serve
you, one you shall have."
The young nobleman's eye flashed joyfully.
"It alone can make me happy. I do not
think that Adele—my adorable angel of the Rue
Montmarte—thinks any too well of him. She Montmarte—thinks any too well of him. She has never shown any aversion for me, and I have been on my knees before the peerless creature within the fortnight. Her father, the count, is bound to this Haliase, and Adele has consented to become his bride. That is the way I look at it. A lettre de cachet, my dear Duke, and I am the happiest man in France. Once wedded, I will take my bride beyond the power of that Polish woman who calls herself Queen of France."

""When do you wish it?"
"This night, Duke. To-morrow is the wedding-day. He shall be arrested before day-light."

"At eleven to-night, Marmon. You shall have the instrument of victory placed in your hands at that hour."

hands at that hour."

The couple separated over a bottle of wine which the waiter brought into the gorgeous salon on a silver waiter. They parted in high spirits, and the youngest walked away, flushed with liquor and anticipated triumph.

Marmon de Briese was a young nobleman well known in Paris. He was gay, callant, a good

Marmon de Briese was a young nobleman well known in Paris. He was gay, gallant, a good singer and an expert swordsman. But, he was crafty; in an affaire du cœur he would stoop to anything in order to gain desired ends. The queen alone had failed to ensnare the heart of the wild young Frenchman. He feared the jealous heart of Louis the Fifteenth, and his cunning had caused his ostracism from court. Maria was

taking her revenge.

At once he was cut off from royal favors. He was fearful lest a lettre de cachet might be thrust into his face, and consign him to the relentless

keeper of the bastile.

Marmon de Briese was actually in love, as we have heard him tell his friend, the Duke of Velay. But, he feared that he possessed a rival who was about to lead the beautiful Adele to the altar. He saw no success save in the grant of a lettre de cachet with which he could lock the right of the same and sequently a right for himself.

val up, and secure the girl for himself.

But the queen would grant him none, and he knew that he dared not apply in person to the lieutenant of police. Although the infamous lettres de cachet were for sale in Paris, Marmon de Briese, wealthy as he was, had not money enough to have one

de Briese, wealthy as he was, had not money enough to buy one.

Eleven o'clock found the young nobleman in the salon waiting for his friend, the Duke of Velay. He came at last a little late, but none the less welcome, for he placed the coveted document in De Briese's hand.

"This opens the bastile's iron doors to Jean Haliase, and secures to me the whitest hand in Paris'."

The cunning lover was triumphant, and as the first streaks of dawn were flashing over Paris Jean Haliase was placed under arrest and thrust

Jean Hallase was placed from De Briese's path.
So much for one lettre de cachet.
The arrest did not cause much excitement, for such affairs were too common to excite comment, and the unfortunate lover found himself the partie. He knew securely imprisoned in the bastile. He knew that some enemy was at work, and gnashed his teeth when he thought of the name of Marmon

This is your work, cunning villain. I wish I His is your work, cuming vinam. I wish I could cross swords with you."

He sent his case to the king, but Louis was buried too deeply in debauchery to think of a prisoner in the bastile. He tore the letter into prisoner in the bastile. He tore the letter into fragments and sent the petitioner word that "stone walls were a good cure for hot heads." The king never inquired into the cause of an arrest, and he was not going to depart from his established custom for the sake of such an obscure man as Jean Haliase.

"How progresses your suit with the charming."

"How progresses your suit with the charming Adele, Marmon?" the Duke of Velay inquired of his young friend a month after the arrest and imprisonment of the viral.

his young friend a month after the arrest and imprisonment of the rival.

"Swimmingly, my dear Duke," was the reply, and the dark eyes of De Briese flashed with triumph. "The caged bird frets and petitions the king, and the king reads the petitions to his companions in debauchery. The young lark does not know what merriment his songs make. He is making an admirable court fool, while Adele is smiling on Marmond ee Briese, who has slipped a ring over her finger."

is smiling on Marmon de Briese, who has supped a ring over her finger,"

"Indeed! 80 800n, my boy?"

"Courtships should not be years, my dear Duke. It is well that the queen knows nothing of this affair of mine. I understand that she has inquired after me within the past fortnight, and not in very good humor either."

"A quick courtship then, Marmon. Lettres de cachet are still fashionable."

The young nobleman errew slightly pale, and

The young nobleman grew slightly pale, and drew nearer to the Duke.

"It takes place to-morrow evening at nine," he whispered. "The priest, a witness, her father—that is all. At ten a carriage. Madrid." The master of Velay understood the crisp sen-

for the Polish woman."

"And for Monsieur Haliase!" said De Briese, with a meaning smile. "I defy the queen to discover my plans. Nobody suspects anything. The lettre de cachet, my noble Duke, is making below."

The lettre de cachet, my noble Duke, is making me happy."

The young nobleman and his friend were drinking to the success of their tricks when a young woman appeared at the Tuileries, and requested an audience with the queen.

Maria Leczenski was unengaged at the moment, and the person was admitted into her presence. It was near midnight and the queen's eyes were heavy; but they flashed at the wonderful beauty of her visitor.

"Well?" said the queen, regarding the girl with admiration.

"I pray that your majesty grant me a lettre

"I pray that your majesty grant me a lettre de cachet," was the reply which startled the

"They belong to the state," was her cautious rejoinder. "In the hands of indiscreet persons they are productive of harm. We cannot grant

they are productive of harm. We cannot grant you one."

The countenance of the queen's visitor fell.

"What do you want with a lettre de cachet?" asked Maria Leczenski, coming forward.

"Revenge!" the girl cried. "I come here boldly and face the queen who has sold the infamous documents. I declare that they have not been refused by royalty itself to men who would deluge the scaffold with innocent blood. Maria Leczenski, the queen, has broken the best hearts in France by her sale of lettres de cachet. She has torn husband from wife, father from children, and separated lovers."

"Beware!" cried the queen, touching a bell. "You are in the royal palace. I am the queen!" "But not more a woman than myself!" was the girl's reply, as she drew a tiny dagger from her bosom.

"Do not start. Maria Leczenski!" she said.

her bosom.

"Do not start, Maria Leczenski!" she said.

"This dagger shall not be stained with royal blood. Without the document which I seek tonight I would be baulked in my revenge. Give it to me or to my heart here—in the royal pal-

ace—I will drive this dagger."

The queen stood like one petrified with horror in the center of the gorgeous chamber. She saw the dagger lifted on high and caught determination in her visitor's eyes.

"Stay!" she cried, putting forth her jeweled hands.
"For whom is intended the lettre de

The girl hesitated.
"My queen need not know," she said at length.
"I will fill it out. Maria Leczenski will never wish to recall it."

wish to recall it."

"You shall have it!" said the queen, going to a table from which she took one of the all-potent documents. "I admire your daring. The time is coming when these infamous lettres will no longer curse this country. Remember that whoever you send to prison shall not be released until you command it. What is your name, fair lady!"

The girl put up the dagger and timidly approached the queen.

proached the queen.
"Adele Dumarte." A flash of intelligence lit up the sovereign's

face. "Ah! yes!" she exclaimed. "Your lover is imprisoned in the bastile. Do you not seek his

"My wedding takes place to-morrow evening at nine—at least the bridegroom is to greet me "Not unless the prison gives up its inmate."
"Av "smiled the girl. "One lover in prison,

"Ay," smiled the girl. "One lover in prison, another at large!"

The musical laugh of the Polish woman greeted the girl's witty reply, and a minute later the lithe figure was entering a carriage just beyond

the palace gate.

The postilion whipped up the horses and over

The postilion whipped up the norses and over the narrow streets the cumbersome vehicle flew. Adele Dumarte, laughing with joy, pressed the lettre de cachet to her heart.

The stately home of the Dumarte family in the Rue Montmarte did not exhibit any signs of animation to pedestrians on the following night. The heavy shutters had been tightly drawn, and a silence that seemed ominous hung over the manifold.

But it was not deserted. One of the most stir-

ring love dramas of France was approaching its denouement within its walls.

Adele glided from room to room with elastic step. She looked like a person about to achieve a triumph greater than the one over the queen of France. Her father sat in one corner of the lefter keillently lighted room conversing with

of France. Her father sat in one corner of the lofty, brilliantly lighted room, conversing with the Parisian lover, Marmon de Briese. The old count watched his daughter narrowly.

All at once he caught a signal from Adele—a gentle lifting of her snowy hand—and the priest entered the room. De Briese caught sight of him and rose, while Adele came forward with

him and rose, while Adele came forward with something in her hand.

He glanced at it, turned pale, and threw a furtive look around the room.

Adele was holding forth a lettre de cachet.

De Briese's hand dropped upon the hilt of his sword as he started back, pale and excited.

"Traitress!" he cried to the girl. "I will not accept the document! In your own house I'll dye my sword in Dumarte blood before—"

Adele's petite slipper struck the floor, the great doors unfolded, and the cunning lover saw six gend'armes with muskets leveled at his breast.

Of course he submitted, and the plans of Adele Dumarte triumphed. His lettre de cachet sent him to the bastile, whose doors opened to release the man whom Adele sincerely loved—Jean Haliase. After their nuptials Adele secured De Briese's release, and Maria Leczenski banished him

The outrageous lettres de cachet were abolished in 1790, and France rejoiced from border to border.

Nobody's Boy:

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER IX. NICODEMUS TO THE RESCUE.

COLONEL GREEN was dazed for an instant by the suddenness of Pete's movement, and the vio-lence with which the door had been flung open

The boy could easily have escaped during the

in his face.

The boy could easily have escaped during the confusion of his enemy, but escape was remote from his thoughts. It would have been to abandon Minnie Ellis to her foe, and Pete was too brave and daring by nature to consider his personal safety in such a case.

Instead, therefore, of making for the open stairway that lay at the end of the short passage, he looked round for a weapon of offense with which to attack his dangerous enemy.

There was nothing in sight, however, and Pete, with fierce thoughts, put his hand in his pocket for a large clasp-kmife which he carried there.

Ere he could draw it the colonel was upon him, and had grasped him with both hands by the collar. The athletic man lifted the squirming lad as if he had been of no weight, and carried him toward the head of the stairs.

"I'll settle for you, you little imp," he said, with a fierce, hissing intonation.

Pete made no reply, but setting his teeth hard he clasped the colonel by the throat with both hands, and twisted himself like a snake round the body of his foe.

the body of his foe. The contortions of the boy's limbs tripped up

his burly antagonist, and down the two went at the very head of the stairs. Colonel Green tried to recover himself, but Colonel Green tried to recover ministri, the Pete writhed viciously round him; he lost his balance, and man and boy, twined closely together, rolled down the steep stairs.

Over and over they went, bumping and thumpover the went with a the worst.

ing from step to step, the man getting the worst of the bargain from the closeness with which his lithe antagonist clung to him.

Bruised and bleeding, they reached the botthe present."

was aboard the boat before I could get out of the woods again. I am afraid he has escaped us for the present."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You are a match or the Polish woman."
"And for Monsieur Haliase!" said De Briese, with a meaning smile. "I defy the queen to "For mercy's sake, whatever is the matter?" cried Mrs. Jones, rushing into the passage where

they lay.
"I'll show this young hound what's the matter," roared the colonel, rising angrily to his

"You can't do it, kurnel. I'm your hoss for a pickled 'possum," cried Pete, springing up and grasping a heavy cane, which the colonel himself had left in the passage.

With a fierce oath the latter sprung toward him, catching a heavy blow from Pete on his arm as he did so.

Wrenching the cane from the host himself.

arm as he did so.

Wrenching the cane from the boy, he grasped him by the throat with suffocating force, and

dragged him into the adjoining room.

"Now, you cub of a wild-cat, I'll settle your hash for you," yelled the infuriated man, raising the heavy cane, while a murderous light shone Mrs. Jones screamed and ran toward them.

"Back, woman, blast you!" cried the colonel, furiously. "Do you want a settler yourself?" At that moment a loud bark sounded outside

Pete made a quick movement of recognition, and, choked as he had been, found breath to give

went to a sickly whistle.

The next instant the cane of Colonel Green descended viciously, with a blow that might have been deadly only that Pete squirmed quickly

been deadly only that rete squirmer quickly aside. The heavy weapon struck the colonel himself on the leg with no light force.

Another flerce curse broke from the lips of the infuriated man. His muscular fingers closed more strongly about Pete's throat. He lifted the cane again with murderous intent.

At the same instant the half-closed door was three rice of the control of the

ung violently open, and a small animal boundflung violently open, and a small animal bounded into the room.

It was Nicodemus, Pete's faithful dog. With a single look the intelligent animal took in the whole situation, and the danger of his master.

Colonel Green, hardly noticing the animal, was about to repeat his blow. But at the moment the cane was lifted the teeth of the vicious dog buried themselves in his calf.

With a quick cry of pain he released the boy and turned to the assault of this new foe, kicking and cursing vigorously as he tried to get rid of his savage antagonist, who hung on with flerce tenacity.

of his savage antagonist, who hung on with herce tenacity.

The blow intended for the master fell with spiteful force on the dog, who rolled howling over on the floor.

The fiercest passions of the man were now aroused. He grasped the cane with both hands, and glared round the room. Nicodemus still lay howling on the floor. Pete crouched in a corner, not yet recovered from the terrible choking he had received. Mrs. Jones had fallen upon a chair, her face full of terror and dismay.

But in the doorway stood still another person, a man who seemed to have followed the dog into the house. He was a stout, determined-looking man. In his right hand he held a pistol, cocked and presented.

ing man. In his right hand he held a pistol, cocked and presented.

In the passage behind him stood the small figure of Minnie Ellis, her blue eyes wide open in wonder and dread. She had escaped through

wonder and dread. She had escaped through the open door of her prison.

Pete recognized the new-comer at a glance as the policeman who so lately had arrested him.

"Now your goose's cooked, kurnel," he said, feebly, but with all his old vim. "Tain't boys and babies you've got to play with now."

"So, it seems I am just in time to prevent murder," said the officer, severely, advancing a few steps into the room.

"Who are you?" cried the colonel, his fingers clasped savagely around his weapon. "What brings you here?"

"I am a policeman of the city of Toledo," said the officer. "It is my purpose to arrest you as the abductor of Minnie Ellis, and to shoot you if you attempt to escape."

if you attempt to escape."

His finger was at the trigger of the pistol. The look on his face showed that he meant all he

The villain glared with a wild, desperate glance round the room, with something of the look of a wild beast at bay.

His eyes fell on the form of Picayune Pete, who was looking at him with an expression of orner triumph

who was looking at him with an expression or open triumph.

"Drop that stick, kurnel, and give in," said the boy. "You're sold out, and mought as well cave. "Tain't no use kicking. Don't you see that barker a-grinning at you!"

"That for the barker!" cried the desperate man, springing suddenly forward, and with a quick, upward blow of his stick knocking the pistol from the hands of the officer.

"The weapon was discharged as it fell, the ball

The weapon was discharged as it fell, the ball whistling past the ears of Pete.

The officer stepped back from this sudden assault, his fingers tingling with pain from the blow they had received.

Colonel Green lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him.

A single spring took him through the doorway, and he rushed desperately for the open air, followed by Nicodemus, who had just regained him the resurrence.

Seizing his pistol the officer rushed out after

Pete, too, was following, but the face of Minnie in the passage-way brought him to a sudden

halt.

She was pressed up closely against the wall, her face pallid with fear, her hands extended as if to ward off danger.

"Why, Minnie," cried Pete. "Don't be skeered, gal. Nobody ain't a-goin' to hurt you. That catamount has made tracks, but it's my notion that he'll be brung up with a half-hitch. It ain't no slouch, the feller that's after him."

"Was anybody shot, Pete?" asked the startled child. "I heard the pistol go off."

"Well, it kinder scraped my ear," said Pete, feeling his organ of hearing. "Ain't no blood, though. Reckon I'm all sound."

"Oh, Pete, you were not shot?" cried Minnie, in terror.

"On, Fete, you were not stated the set in terror.
"Well, didn't I jist say I weren't? Ain't no use gettin' skeered about it. I'm good fur a dozen of the same sort, yit."
"Take me out of this dreadful place, won't you, Pete?" she half-whispered. "There's the woman in that room. I am so much afraid of her."

her."

"Ain't got nothing to be afeard of while I'm along," said Pete, drawing his form up proudly. "Bet the kurnel don't git you back— Hallo! what's up now?"

This exclamation was caused by another pistol report, outside the house. Taking Minnie by the hand, Pete hurried out.

There was a striking scene in view as they reached the open air. The river, as we have said, ran close by the house, just beyond the clump of bushes that had sprung up round the old log cabin.

old log cabin.

It was not properly the river that lay before them, however, for the clearing had been made just above the mouth of the Maumee, and the broad reach of water, dotted over with coming and departing vessels, that lay spread before them was Maumee Bay, the south-western extensity of Lake Eric g cabin.

Tremity of Lake Erie.

Near at hand was a scene of more vital excitement. About one hundred feet from the bank of the river floated a boat, of which Colonel Green was just setting the sail. The white sheet had already caught the wind, and the light craft was beginning to feel its force and glide through the water,

Near the center of the stream a small, gracefully-built sloop was moving up the Maum ward the city.
On the bank stood the baffled officer, having just fired at the fugitive the sole remaining load

of his pistol.

Colonel Green had seized the sail-boat which
Pete had noticed tied to the bank, and had thus

sscaped his pursuer.

"The fellow threw me off the track by pretending to fly to the woods," said the latter to Pete. "I chased him through the bushes yonder. But the cunning reprobate doubled on me, and was aboard the boat before I could get out of the

Pete stood looking after the boat with fixed, Minnie was daintily brushing off her finger

tips, with a dissatisfied expression of face.

"What are you doin' that fur?" asked Pete.

She made no reply. He looked at his own hands, and saw, with a sense of shame, that his grasp had soiled her soft, white fingers.

CHAPTER X.

A STERN CHASE. THE colonel's sail, now fully set, was filled with the light breeze, and the sharply-built boat began to cut swiftly through the water, un-

der the guidance of her helm.

The disappointed pursuers looked with angry gaze after the light craft which was bearing

gaze after the light crait which was bearing from them so dangerous a foe.

"And is this indeed Minnie Ellis?" asked the officer, gazing with an interested glance into the fair face of the young girl beside him. "So far I have only guessed at it."

"That is my name, sir," she replied. "I am ever so thankful to you. It was terrible for you to attack that man. It makes me tremble to think of it."

'He is a desperate villain, indeed," was the reply.

"What gits me," said Pete, "is how you bounced in jist about the time I was ready to squeal. I kin tell how Nicodemus smelt me out. I left the dorg at home, but it ain't in anybody's boots to fling that dorg. But you ain't arrangement."

Nick's smellin' arrangeme got Nick's smelln' arrangement."
"The dog followed you, and I followed the dog," said the officer.
"Same as I follered the kurnel. Well, it's a queer bizness, anyhow. You must have 'spect-

ed me."

"I did suspect you, ever since the day you were arrested. I am sorry to have wronged you, but it is just as well for you, considering how things have turned out."

"Jist as well; and a little bit better," said Pete. "It were gettin' to be a narrer squeak and no mistake. It's blasted hard to see that

cove sailin' away there and we standing here like so many mice."

"Let him go," spoke the soft voice of Minnie.
"I do not think he will try to do me any more

harm."

"He is good for a rope if he comes inside of Toledo," said the officer. "I knew the man was a villain."

"Can't we chase him somehow?" said Pete.
"If I could only make the fellers aboard the

sloop hear me."

As he spoke, the sloop, which was now nearly opposite them, shifted its helm and stood across toward their side of the river. She was soon within a hundred yards of them, standing Ahoy, the sloop!" screamed Pete, at the top

of his voice.

"Ahoy, there! what's up?" answered a man, who was looking curiously over the side.

"About ship and take us aboard. There's a superior of the bay than you'll find better cargo for you in the bay than you'll find

"I heard a pistol-shot," said the man.
"What's loose?"
"We have rescued Minnie Ellis, the stolen child," said the officer. "There goes the child-

child," said the omcer. "There goes the child:

"By the blue blazes!" cried the man, in sudden excitement. "Bring her round!" he cried to the helmsman. "Into the boat there, some of you. Is that the child!"

"Yes," replied the officer.

"I'll take you aboard then, and if my lively craft don't run down that fellow there's no virtue in captys."

The boat now appeared round the sloop's side,

The boat now appeared round the sloop's side, propelled by one rower, whose athletic arms sent it rapidly through the water.

"Now, Minnie," said Pete, as it approached.

"This man and me has got bizness in the wake of that pirate, and we ain't got no notion of leaving you here."

"No, no!" she cried, "I wouldn't for the

world be left alone with that woman. I am dreadfully afraid of her." dreadfully afraid of her."

"Bless you, gal, we ain't got no notion of leavin' you," said Pete. "Seems to me though we ought to grab the old lady," he said to the officer. "She mought know somethin'

The officer at once took the suggestion and started for the cabin. He was too late. It was empty. Mrs. Jones had taken the alarm and fled.

Quick there!" cried the hasty tones of the cap-n of the sloop. "He is making headway." tain of the sloop. "He is We have no time to waste."

We have no time to waste."

No second invitation was needed. In a minute more they were all on board the boat and being rowed swiftly out to the larger vessel. The captain stood at the low gunwale as the coat touched her side.
"Lift her up here," he called to the police-

Minnie shrank back from his hoarse tones and

bearded face.

"Lord love you, child, you're not afraid of me, I hope," he said, rough kindness beaming from his eyes. "I've got just such another as you at home, and I would go through fire and water for her; or you either."

She no longer hesitated, but suffered herself he beyond. o be handed up to the strong grasp of the cap-ain, who deposited her lightly on the deck. Pete was already on board, having sprung like cat over the side of the vessel.

In another minute the other occupants of the In another minute the other occupants of the boat were on board, the boat secured, and the vessel making way through the water.

The chase had gained considerable start during these evolutions, and was now some hundred yards in advance, standing up the western side

"Bet heavy that I run him down," said the captain, as the sail over their heads took the wind, and the sloop moved forward with increasing speed. "He's got a good skiff, but the little Mary Jane is something on a light

Who is Mary Jane?" asked Minnie, in sur-

"Who is mary Jane? asked minne, in sur-prise, looking round for the person in question. The sailor laughed loud and long.

"Bless you, child, that's the vessel you're on.
She's a tight craft, I tell you, and I call her af-ter my good wife at home."

It was now near twelve o'clock of a fine May

morning. The sun stood directly overhead and poured his beams brilliantly down upon the water. Before them the sheening surface of the bay stretched out, far as the eye could reach, dotted here and there with vessels heading in toward the mouth of the river, or outward bound from Teledo for some distant lake port. rom Toledo for some distant lake port.

The retreating lines of the boundaries of the bay were well wooded, the ax of the frontiersman not having yet denuded these shores of their native covering.

The sail-boat, with Colonel Green at the helm, had at first kept close to the western bank, until the river's mouth was cleared, but now stood more boldly out.

"He wants to get all the wind," said the offi-r. "The trees cut off the breeze further "Just so," answered the captain. "Lay her off a little there. That's a better sailing point. The Mary Jane is like a woman, and has got to

be humored."
"We are striking out more into the bay than "We are striking out more into the bay than the chase," said the officer.

"Yes, yes, I know that," answered the captain, a little impatiently. "We will forge ahead on him, and then strike in."

"He's a cute coon," said Pete, admiringly.
"Mought think he was goin fishing, or to see his cal."

"Take him?" anyhow. We'll take him if it's in the

And what will be done with him, do you think think?"

"He'll have a hemp necktie afore he's in Toledo an hour. Don't be asking what that is, 'cause it ain't in your jographies."

"I hope they won't hurt him. Had you not

better let him go, captain? He won't come back

"Let him go?" asked the captain, in surprise.
"Well, he is trying to go very hard. He can go after we are done with him; but I am something fearful that he will have to be carried. Down with your helm a little. We are out of the shadow of the woods now and can lay for

him straighter."

A broad level of green lawn lay spread out before them, receding back to a stylish house at

some distance.

"I don't quite like that captain," said Minnie, in a low tone, touching Pete's hand. "I think he is hard-hearted."

Pete withdrew his hand from her touch rather

hastily, a red spot appearing in his cheek. He left her abruptly and walked back toward the stern, leaving her wondering and hurt by

the stern, leaving her wondering and hard by his movement.

"We are forging up on him," cried the captain, impulsively. "We've picked up a hundred yards of the distance. The breeze is a little too light for us, but I think we will take it stronger round that point. With a good wind I could run him down in twenty minutes."

"And here it comes," said the officer, as a fresher breath of air touched his cheek. "The sail is feeling it already."

"The Mary Jane is beginning to dance," said the captain, exultingly. "Go it, my friend. You've got no creeper on your track."

The sloop was cutting through the water swiftly, leaving a long, gleaming wake in her rear.

swiftly, leaving a long, gleaning wake in her rear.

Nearly a quarter of a mile in advance sailed the skiff, rather more in shore, cutting rapidly through the yielding waters, and to all seeming not likely to be easily overtaken.

"He's one of the cutest coons I know," said Pete. "He's not goin' to be sold cheap."

Minnie looked round to find the boy again beside her. A somewhat sheepish look was on his face as he caught her looking at him.

"Thought it queer I sneaked out jist now, didn't you?"

didn't vou?" "What made you leave me so suddenly?"
"Oh, nothing. Only you kin touch my paws now if you want to."

"Oh, nothing. Only you kin touch my paws now if you want to."
"Your paws?" she asked, surprised.
"Yes. These." He showed his hands, then suddenly withdrew them.
"Why, what's the matter, Pete?" she asked, possessing herself of one of his hands. "Oh, you have been washing them, haven't you?"
"Well, I did give them a kinder scrape. Didn't want you to be putting your nice white hands ag'in' my dirty paws."
She looked at him with a pleased glance.
"I am so glad to see that," she said. "I hope you will always keep them so."
"Dunno what I'll do. Won't make no promises," said Pete, withdrawing his hand rather rudely. "Say there, Cap, ain't the kurnel putting in to shore? That's my reckonin'."
"By Jemima Jinks, he is!" cried the captain, excitedly. "We are gaining on him too fast, and he has a notion of beaching his boat and taking to the woods."
"He's groin't to head up the creek yander,

taking to the woods."

"He's goin' to head up the creek yander, 'cording to my notion," said Pete.

The boy was right. Both crafts had now made about a mile from their starting point. A short distance ahead opened the mouth of a creek of some width, running out of the woods, which were rather close at this point. Toward this stream the boat of the fugitive was rapidly eliding.

which well allowed by the fugitive was rapidly gliding.

"He's going up it, sure enough," said the captain. "Can we follow? Does anybody know the depth of water?"

"You'd ground, captain, before you were ten yards in," said one of his men.

"There's no wind inside, anyhow. He's dropped his sail now and taken to the oars," said the captain, in a disappointed tone. "The blamed rascal has dished us."

"Give him a chase with the boat," said the officer. "We will drive him to the woods and pick up his boat, if we can't do anything else."

"I'm with you, then," said Pete. "If he takes to the woods, I'm goin' to take to the woods. That coon ain't goin' to take to the woods. That coon ain't goin' to git away from this 'possum. Not so easy."

There was no time to waste words on this movement. Pete, the officer, and two of the crew, were instantly in the boat, followed by Nicodemus, who had been taken on board the sloop, and who sprung after his master into the boat.

"Now give way, lads, with a will," cried the

'Now give way, lads, with a will," cried the bain. "Fetch him and it's fifty dollars in

"Now give way, lats, with a win, thet die captain. "Fetch him and it's fifty dollars in each of your pockets."

But he was not to be so easily caught. He was already out of sight up the creek. The sloop's boat made rapid progress under the fierce impulse given it by the rowers, but failed to bring him again within sight.

After rowing a quarter of a mile up the stream, they caught sight of his boat. But it was floating down toward them, and was empty.

Dished, by Jove!" said the angry and disap-

pointed officer.

"Put me and Nicodemus ashore," said Pete,
"I'm goin' to track him, or else make for the
railroad station and blow him. Good-by, lads,
I'll fetch him yet, or else Nick and me will sell Pete and his dog were landed, according to this request, and the boat proceeded back toward

the sloop.

CHAPTER XI.

"STOP THIEF!" PETE was in the heart of a thick wood. Primeval forest it seemed, for many of the trees were of such girth that centuries must have passed during their growth.
Close by him ran the swift waters of the creek,

Close by him ran the swift waters of the creek, curving so that only a short reach of it lay within view. Besides this liquid, plain, thick woodland filled the whole field of vision.

And the spot was as solitary as if he had been leagues from a human habitation. All animated nature seemed to be taking its noontide siesta. Not a living being was in sight, not a sound audible. sound audible.
"Kinder lonely, Nicodemus," said Pete, look-

ing at his dog, who stood quietly beside him.
"Ain't much of a row about here, I reckon.
These trees are jist as mopish as gravestones.
Makes me feel rather solemncholy. How's yourself, Nick?"
The dog answered by an eager little bark, and by running a short distance shead.
"I knowed what you'd say, Nick. You always was a sensible dorg. Want to be goin', hey?
Well, there's a notion kinder like that snaking

Well, there's a notion kinder like that snaking its way through my upper story; you bet."
He walked after the animal, who was running along the creek bank.
"Don't be gettin' your feelin's too much worked up, Nicodemus," continued Pete. "The kurnel can't be far away, and he must have struck ground jist about here. He's dangerous, Nick. That milentary man would knife us jist as quick as wink. Don't you be gettin' excited, dorg."
Nicodemus barked as he ran forward, eagerly scenting the ground.

as wink. Don't you be gettin' excited, dorg."
Nicodemus barked as he ran forward, eagerly scenting the ground.

"Hold your tongue, you noisy young rascal," cried Pete. "Don't you speak ag'in afore you're spoken to. That thunderin' cut-throat mought be layin' low, Nick. We've got to be keerful."

The dog had stopped and was smelling the bank. He seemed to have taken some scent which he was following back into the woods.

Pete hurried up and fixed his sharp young eyes on the spot. The grass on the river bank had been trampled down. At the muddy edge, where the stream washed the bank, the impression of a boat's prow was plainly visible.

"Here's where he jumped ashore, sure enough," cried Pete.

The dog barked in response. Pete took him angrily by the back of the neck.

"Don't I tell everybody that you're as smart as half the men about these parts; and are you goin' back on me, that way! I'm ashamed of you, Nick, I am, after the eddication you're had."

Theanimal looked up, as if he thought that

you've had."
The animal looked up, as if he thought that Pete was the noisiest of the two.
'Now, Nick, let out with your four trotters,

and I'll make my toes twinkle after you. And jist you mind this one thing. Little boys and little dorgs oughtn't never to speak afore they're

Pete had spent some time in this confab with the dog, but he was not without his object in this delay.

He knew well that it would be perilous for him to meet Colonel Green in the forest. The desperate man would think little of sacrificing his life.

By holding back, and letting him reach the open country, Pete calculated to be able to call some farmer or villager to his aid, and by giving the hue and cry, torun down the fugitive before he could sain what he tast. he could gain much the start. The dog had been trained to scent game in the woods, but this was the first time he had been on the track of any human being, except his

He followed the scent, however, with seeming ease, leading Pete at a rapid walk through the leafy aisles of the thick forest.

"Go it, old dorg," cried Pete, with enthusiasm.
"You're the animile for my money. "Tain't a possum you're after now, Nick, but it's a catamount on two legs. Don't you be forgettin' your repitation, dorg. Don't let the old fox double on you."

Nicodemus seemed excited by his master's voice, and traced the scent more rapidly than

'It's jist like trailin' lnjuns through the woods!" said Pete, laughing. "If it ain't, I'll sell out. Never mind the bird, Nick. 'Tain't sell out. Never mind the bird, Nick. 'Tain't meadow-larks we're after now, but it's an old hawk. If you stop for coon or rabbit now I'll dispose of you, I will. Let out, little dorg, and show your mettle. There's the open fields, and we kin use our eyes as well as our noses."

The woodland had ended, and an open country spread out before them. It was cultivated to some extent, but lay largely in grass, herds of sheep and cattle browsing here and there.

The course of the creek was marked by a line of trees that ran to the left of his position. Numerous farmhouses were visible from where he

merous farmhouses were visible from where he stood, and about a mile distant he could see the white walls and brown roofs of a village,

The country was level, but its many small groves and isolated trees prevented any very extended view. At some distance before him

extended view. At some distance before him ran a country lane, stretching southwesterly toward the village.

"Helloa, Nick!" cried Pete; "there's a little feller crawling along that road, that mought be a six-footer if he was only here. He's creepin', too, bout as fast as two legs kin let out. I'll bet a b'iled tater it's the kurnel, and he's makin' for Woodville like greased lightnin' along a tele-graph wire. Make your old legs twinkle, Nick. He's got the butt-end of a mile the start on us,

and the railroad cuts through that town."

The boy and the dog emulated each other in the speed with which they ran across the fields. Pete went over the fences at a flying leap while Nicodemus shot under them. Ditches were no obstacle to them, and hedges were passed without a page. out a pause

Yet, ere they had advanced a quarter of a mile, a shrill sound struck Pete's ear with omin-

ous meaning.
"I'll be fiddled to death if there ain't a train comin'," he ejaculated, "and the cute skunk will catch it."

A brook, eight feet from bank to bank, cut the field before him.

Pete, doubled up like a ball, went over it at

full run. Nicodemus was at his heels ere he had taken ten steps beyond.

"Lay out, Nick! Lay out!" yelled Pete, with what breath he had left. "We're runnin' a race with the ingine. If you don't beat it I'll sell you. Lay out, little animile!"

Their progress was yery rapid but the long.

Their progress was very rapid, but the long line of smoke to the left was approaching with

In a minute more the thunder of the wheels on the bridge that crossed the creek was heard, and the iron front of the locomotive broke into view through the line of trees that bordered the The pursuers had now struck the road and

were able to advance even more rapidly. But there was yet nearly half a mile before them, and the roaring and rattling train was flying

forward.

It rolled up into the village, coming to a quick stop at the station which lay full within Pete's vision.

The boy strained his muscles to their uttermost and ran on faster than he had ever run be-

when the iron horse slowly emerged from behind the building, and passed with a stately motion before his eyes, gathering speed with every tion of the wheels.

Pete ran on, hoping to be able to gain the hindmost car. But, car after car passed before his eyes; the rear car emerged and rolled rapidly on, its iron railing just beyond the reach of

stumbled and fell across the track, utterly exhausted by his excessive exertion. Nicodemus halted beside him, violently panting. "Well, that's a narrow squeeze," said a man on the platform. "The boy ought to have caught the train, the way he ran for it. Never mind, my lad, there will be another in a couple of

hours."

Pete rose to his feet gesticulating violently. He was too short of breath to speak, and this was the only way he could give vent to his excited feelings. A couple of hours! It might as well have been a couple of years.

The men on the platform laughed at his movements. This added anger to his excitement, and it was some five minutes before he could gather hereath and composure to speak.

reath and composure to speak.

The train was already beyond sight and hear-

ing in the distance. "Don't I tell you?" he screamed out, at length. "Don't I tell you he's aboard that train? And you all standin' here like stones."

He seemed to imagine that he had been expressing his feelings in words.
"Who is aboard the train?" asked the man

who had spoken.
"Why, he is, the blasted, thunderin' rascal!
Ain't none of you goin' to do nothin'? After I've run a mile, too

"Have you lost your senses, boy?" said another man. "Who are you telking about?"
"Why, the kurnel! Kurnel Green, ain't I tellin' you? If I'd cotched that train wouldn't I have settled him!"
"Colonel Green? I know him. What do you

want with Colonel Green?"
"Ain't he aboard that train?" Ain't he aboard that train?"
'Yes. He got on at the station here. "I knowed it! I knowed it! He's got to be cotched. Ain't there a telegraph here? We've got to send thunder and lightnin' after him."

"Blame your thick wits!" cried the man, catching Pete by the shoulder and shaking him roughly. "What ails you, anyhow? What's the matter with Colonel Green?" A low, savage bark at his heels from Nicode-us forced him to relinquish his hold of the

The shake had done Pete good, however. His scattered senses returned to him, and he saw how wildly he had been acting in his excite-

Well, I'm blamed if this ain't gay!" he said. "Lost my brains for a minute, but Picayune Pete's hisself ag'in. If you're in Toledo an hour from now you'll know what the kurnel's

We will know now if you are able to tell us," ou all know 'bout Minnie Ellis bein' stole

and how there's five thousand on the head of the Yes! yes!" cried a half-dozen voices, in sud-

"There he goes, in that train; slipped through your fingers like a greased eel. Blast him, if I'd only cotched him!"

Colonel Green?" was eagerly asked. "That's your hoss, for a pile of pumpkins. I tell you the gal's found, and I'm the coon that done it. Where's the telegrapher? Send word on to grab him at the next station."

"There's no telegrapher here," said one of the station hands. "Can't send a message short of Toledo.

of Toledo."
"How soon will a train be along up the road?"
asked the first speaker.

asked the list speaker.

"In fifteen minutes."

"Then me and the dorg are two deadheads to Toledo, sure," said Pete.

The time of waiting for the train was spent by Pete in detailing his adventures to a small circle of eager listeners.

It rattled up to the station on time, and he and the doc with rearly all present, so to a head

It rattled up to the station on time, and he and the dog, with nearly all present, got on board, and were borne swiftly off toward the city.

At almost the same minute the sloop, Mary Jane, sailed gracefully up to her wharf in the city, decorated with a dozen flags, which the captain had somewhere hunted up.

The throng along the wharves looked with surprise on this unwonted display. In ten minutes more the surprise was exchanged to an existence of the surprise was exchanged to

citement that ran like wildfire through the city (To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

MY SYMPTOMS.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

When my Maria heaves in sight
There comes at once the queerest feeling,
A sort of second-hand delight
Across my toes and fingers stealing;
My heart, unhitched, jumps up and down,
A pit-a-paty sort of motion;
I feel just like a duck done brown,
And what it is I've not a notion.

You've felt it all, I should suppose; Across your eyes a dimness coming,
A cold sweat running down your nose,
And in your ears a kind of drumming;
Your tongue forgets its parts of speech,
And drops into a feeble stutter;
Ah! teach me, some good fellow, teach
What puts my heart in such a flutter!

Her eyes are black as any sloes, And bright—the stars themselves not bright

Her lips confound the crimson rose, Her cheeks than water-lilies whiter. Her voice is full of tender tones, So musical, divine, elastic; Sure something s got into my bones That makes me so enthusiastic!

Will some one tell me what is loose
Inside of my organization?
I'm so inclined to play the goose
To gain Maria's approbation.
Her smile is like the morning sun,
Her frown is gloom unprecedented;
I'm not for sale - but 'twould be fun
If I to her could just be rented!

A diagnosis some one make,
And quickly, of my deep affliction;
Your physic I'll be glad to take,
And pay you—with my benediction!
I know it is some new disease;
I freeze, I quake, I burn with fire;
Good doctor, give me, if you please,
Something to cure me of—Maria.

SURE-SHOT SETH,

The Boy Rifleman:

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII. WAS IT THE SHOT OF AN ASSASSIN?

A RIFLE-SHOT rung suddenly through the for-est, starting Seth and Maggie with sudden fear. The report was followed by a groan, and that Abe Thorne's friends had assassinated him, Seth had not a single doubt; for the look the young villain, Hawk-Eyes, gave him when he turned to leave meant mischief

Vilialli, Hawk-Eyes, gave him when he turned to leave, meant mischief.

"I am afraid," said Seth, "that they have murdered poor Abe, for they quarreled with him, and he left them."

"If Hawk-Eyes is Ivan Le Clercq, as you say, he will not hesitate to do anything," replied Maggie. "Why are you afraid they have killed Aba Thorpes"

Abe Thorne?"
Seth briefly narrated all that he had heard at

Scarcely had he concluded, ere a peculiar cry rung forth upon the air—a cry that sent a smile of recognition over his young face. Then, from different quarters among the wooded hills, rose half a dozen answering cries, plain and distinct. "Ah! my friends, the Boy Brigade, are near," said Soth said Seth.

A flerce, savage yell rung through the forest, then the sharp, stinging report of a rifle followed only to be succeeded by other shots fired in rapid

The boy conspirators started to their feet, and, like so many frightened deer, bounded away into the woods; while Hawk-Eyes turned and crept through the shadows in the direction whence the sounds of conflict came.

"Maggie," said Seth, "my friends are near and engaged with the savages. You will be safe here for a while, and I will go to their assistance; but return to you, soon. If we succeed in

ance; but return to you, soon. If we succeed in defeating the foe, our escape will be certain." "Go, Seth, to your friends' assistance. I will await your return," said the brave little mai-

den.

Seth crept away through the woods, and soon came in sight of the combatants. He placed a whistle to his lips and blew a sharp blast upon it. Instantly, from different quarters, rose the answering cry of the Boy Brigade.

A savage yell answered the latter.

A deep hollow divided the foes, who were concealed in the timber that crowned the summits of the bluffs. But not a friend or foe could Seth see. He could see, however, a little cloud of smoke puff up from behind a tree, now and then, telling him where the combatants were.

Keeping well under cover, he moved on toward his Brigade,
"Ho-ate thar!" suddenly exclaimed a voice Seth looked up and saw Joyful Jim, the tra-er, perched upon a limb loading his gun. His ead was bare, and across his forehead was a

and or abrasion, from which a little riv-blood was running down each side of The body of the tree screened him from Why, Jim!" exclaimed Seth, "what are you

doing up there?"
"Punchin' red-skins, Seth," was the laconic

reply.

11 It seems to me they've been striping your 'Yes, the 'tarnal sulphurians knocked the bark off my frontispiece, and sprung a leak in my system. Gallons of the best blood, unadultera ted with cold water, have evaporated, but it'll soon return in a copious shower to replenish and

"My old friend," said Seth, "a red-skin "ll tet sight of you, first thing you know, and put bullet through your system."
"I'll risk it, Seth; besides, I'm up here where

"I'll risk it, Seth; besides, I'm up here where I can see how the cat jumps and warn the boys. Oh, I tell ye, it's de-lightful sport, Seth—this Ingin fightin'. I used to furnish the 'tarnal smoky-skinned sulphurians their spirits; now, by a little tapping process with powder and lead, I extract their spirits. Don't you perceive the difference with half an eye?"
"Do you know the force of the enemy?" select Do you know the force of the enemy?" asked

Seth.

"Know nothin'; you can't count snakes that are in their holes. But I opine than's quite a number of 'em—say half a million or less of the

perbumfustic varmints."
"Are the boys all afoot yet?" "Yes; and perambulatin' red-skins over the Jording at a lively rate. I tell ye, Seth, your Boy Brigade are a regal'r set of young squackers on the shoot. But, lookey here, whar's that colar.

capped his rifle, he began peering cautiously around the tree for a red-skin; but before he had the chance of a second shot, a fierce yell rose in the rear, starting both with a shudder of terror. "Flanked, by the New Jerusalem!" exclaimed

old Jim, turning and glancing toward the horde swarming through the woods upon them. Seth took to his heels, fleeing in the direction of his friends. The savages on the opposite bluff charged from that direction.

Joyful Jim started down the tree, but he saw

at a glance that he could not escape the foe, and so changed his notion and climbed higher among the branches in hopes the savages would not dis-

cover him.

Sure Shot Seth soon came to where his friend, the Beaver, was, and together the two ran on toward the valley. Others of the Brigade fell in with them, and by the time they had gone fifty rods, the whole of the band, including Maggie Harris' father and Tom Grayson, had joined

them.

The Indians, now to the number of nearly a hundred, were in pursuit of them. Sure Shot Seth led the way toward the precipitous bluff that overhung the head of the valley, and which he knew to be honeycombed with numerous caverns and subterranean passages where one might elude an enemy with ease. To reach the mouth of one of those passages required but a few moments, and no sooner were they under cover than all turned and poured a deadly volley into the ranks of the advancing enemy. A number of the latter fell; but their death only served to madden their surviving friends, who, served to madden their surviving friends, who, like demons, came on toward the cavern, determined on exterminating the band of whites.

mined on exterminating the band of whites.

That the savages were ignorant of the advantage of which our friends had availed themselves, was evident from the incautious manner in which they approached. The Brigade fell back a few paces from the entrance, and, facing about, waited until the foe came up, when from the black mouth of the vault they poured another withering volley. This caused the enemy to retreat with a full knowledge of the situation, and, for the time being, all relapsed into silence.

"Well here we are cooped up like so many "Well, here we are cooped up like so many fowls," said Justin Gray, "and are likely to re-main so for a while."
"Night let us out," said Hooseah, the Indian

lad.
"Och! and it's meself knows what will let us out widout a doubt," remarked Teddy O'Roop.
"What?" eagerly questioned young Judd.
"Death, be jabers!"

"Death, be jabers!"
"Ay, Ted; this is no jesting matter," said young Gray, soberly, "for other lives depend upon our safety."
"What of Maggie, Seth?" asked Mr. Harris,

recovering breath.
"I left her alive and well," was the answer;
but God knows what will be her fate ere we es-

"but God knows what will be her fate ere we escape from this place."

The father groaned in spirit, and with heart beating in agony, he listened to Seth's recital of his adventures since he had rescued Maggie. When he broke the news of Ivan Le Clercq's traitorous conduct, Tom Grayson started as though pierced by a dagger. He could scarcely credit the statement, yet the absence of Le Clercq and his sudden disappearance went, in a measure, to corroborate the young rifleman's story.

story.

While most of the brigade guarded the entrance to the cave, Seth and Tom Grayson set off in search of an outlet. They found the passage sinuous as a serpent's path, and in places reduced in size, so that it was with difficulty they were enabled to pass on. The passages also rose and fell at irregular intervals, but finally took an upward slant, which led the boys to believe they would succeed in finding the sought. lieve they would succeed in finding the sought-for exit. In this, however, they were disap-pointed. The slope finally terminated in a netpointed. The slope inally terminated in a network of roots, stone and dirt. They were satisfied, nevertheless, that it was not far to the surface, and a few hours' tunneling would admit them to the open air. Before they could decide upon any definite course, further than that already arrived at, the sullen roar of a rifle rolled through the resonant chambers of the result.

"By gracious!" exclaimed Tom Grayson,
"they're having a fight down at the entrance."
Come," said Seth, as discharge after discharge boomed through the cavern.
They hurried back and found their friends en-

They hurried back and found their friends engaged with the savages who were trying to force an entrance. But being in the dark, and each provided with a revolver, and some with a pair, the boys were enabled to hold their position against ten times their number, and so the savages were driven off. A yell of defiance and triumph followed the red-skins, who, in dismay, sought shelter behind trees where they could watch the mouth of the cavern.

A close watch was now kept upon the move-

A close watch was now kept upon the move-nents of the enemy, but no further demonstra-ion was made during the day. As the shadows of nigh gathered outside, the brigade began to discuss the subject of escape. To Seth, the day had seemed a week. The thought of Maggie was never absent from his mind, and in his anxiety to return to her, time seemed to drag on leaden

It was nearly dark outside, and all arrange ments for escape were perfected, when, to the sudden surprise and dismay of all, the bright glare of a light suddenly lit up the mouth of the cavern. The enemy had lighted a number of fires near it, destroying all hopes of our friends' escape that way for the time being.

"Oh, my child! my child!" groaned Harris, in

us not despair; perhaps we can tunnel Let us try at once," suggested Tom Gray-

with Teddy O'Roop, Sure Shot Seth repaired to the extremity of the cavern, and with knives and tomahawk began the uncertain task of digging out. Their labor was attended with difficulty of the company ging out. Their labor was attended with diffi-culty. The darkness prevented them working with dispatch. The knife and tomahawk clinked with dispatch. The knife and tomahawk clinked on the stones, and sparks of fire were emitted by the contact. If they were near the surface, and an enemy should happen to pass that way, he would be sure to hear the sound of their working; so, altogether there was nothing to insure escape, even should they succeed in working a way out. However, Seth resolved to lose no time in testing the result, for the pretty, fair face of Maggie Harris stood before his mind in constant appeal for help and protection.

in constant appeal for help and protection.

They worked diligently for nearly an hour; but scarcely had the sounds of their own blows died away ere Teddy grasped Seth by the arm and in an excited whisper said:
"Whist, Sith, me b'y!"
They listened intently. They heard a sound.

It was so very faint they could not locate the point from which it came. It seemed dull and

It must be the echoes of our knife and tomahawk still reverberating through the cavern, "Niver, lad, niver. Press yer ear against this wall and yees can hear something or some one

gging." Seth did as requested. He started, with the reply:
"You are right, Ted; there is some one digging within a foot of our cavern wall. But who

can it be?"
As if in answer to the question, the left wall
of the cavern fell inward, revealing a passage
beyond. A cloud of dust rose in the cavern,
but through the black fog thus pervading the
place a dim light suddenly appeared, and behind

it was a fearful human visage! CHAPTER XVIII. A SPOILED COUNTENANCE. "HOLY MOTHER!" burst from Teddy's lips, as s eyes fell upon the horrible-looking visage, pated and distorted.

yes fixed upon the face just visible, through the oud of dust, in the lurid, wavering light utched in a bony hand. the shoot. But, lookey here, whars that clutched in a bony hand.

Safe for the time being," answered Seth.

'Safe for the time being," answered Seth.

They soon entered what was known as the Black Woods—a deep, dark, and almost impenetrable forest, where the shadows were overhanging formed an Arcadian bower over

while the wet, matted hair hung in twisted, serpent-like locks about his face, like the hair of

pent-like locks about his face, like the hair of the Furies.

"Haw! haw! haw!" burstin a deep, sonorous peal from his lips, the sound starting a shudder in the hearers, as the echoes repeated the flend-like guffaw over and over in a hundred places throughout the cavern.

Seth grasped his revolver. The click of the lock brought the man to a sense of his situation, and in a more natural tone, he said:

"Boys, don't you know me? Can't you perceive who I be?"

"Joyful Jim!" exclaimed Seth, dropping his

'Joyful Jim!" exclaimed Seth, dropping his veapon.
"The same," exclaimed the old man, creeping

"The same," exclaimed the old man, creeping through the opening into the retreat; "though I'm to-t'ly bumfusticated."
"What in the name of goodness have you been doing?" asked Seth, completely astounded.
"Havin' an old roarin' time of it by myself among the red-skins and hornits," answered Jim.

among the red-skins and hornits," answered Jim.

"And how came you here?"

"I came through that back passage, which, with a little digging, let me in here. I alers thought that but a few feet separated the two caverns, but never had occasion before to find out." he answered.

"Good! then our escape is certain."

"Persume so; but is the boys all afoot? Glad to hear it. But I tell you I had a narry escape, Sure Shot," Jim continued. "You see, I hadn't time to get out of that tree, and so I advised myself to climb a little higher. The Ingins passed on arter you ones, and I s'posed all I had to do war to git down and go off; but, no sooner had I begun my descent than pop! suthin' took me like an arrow that jist forced a clear oath right outen me. Then I heard a noise below, and looked down; and, great rage of the Furies! thar stood two Ingins looking up at me, smiling like Judas 'Scar'ot."

"The bloody spalpeens!"interrupted O'Roop.

"What to do," continued Jim, "I couldn't, for the life of me, tell. I knowed they'd salt me, and expected 'em to up and bore me right through; but instead, they invited me down. In course, I war gentleman enough to accept of their request, and begun my descent. The good Lord only knows the thousands and thousands of things that darted through my mind as I climbed down that tree; and one thing that did dart I remember very well. It war a big, healthy hornit with a javelin like a harpoon. The 'tarnal critter came aloft on airy wing and

dart I remember very well. It war a big, healthy hornit with a javelin like a harpoon. The 'tarnal critter came aloft on airy wing and plumped its 'tarnal prison barb right into the end of my nose; and afore half a second it had swelled up big as a unicorn's probosis. I fired an awful savage malediction at that insect and went on down, to the amusement of them redskins. I war nearly to the ground when I heard an awful buzzin' near my ears, and lookin' around, I seed a hornits' nest about the size of a hay-cock hangin' among the branches, not two feet from me. A big hornit whisked out of the nest just as I set eyes on it, and spat! It took me. But it poked an idea into my head just as it did its javelin; and reachin' out, I grabbed the nest, tore it from the bough and dashed it down into the very faces of them royal red dewdraps that tore it from the bough and dashed it down into the very faces of them royal red dewdraps that war waitin' to slip off my hair. Oh, great fury! you had ort to 'a' heard 'em. Ten million hornits, by actual count, waltzed out of their overthrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em follered me, but findin' I'd give 'em the slip, they went back and took a crack at the red-skins. I never seed sich squirmin' in all my days, and I laid thar in them bushes and just shook with laughter till I settled myself a foot in the ground. Why, them halfnaked red-skins jist rolled, and clawed, and kicked, and floundered, and pounced, and hollered wusser'n a hundred fiends smokin' hot from Hades. I just laffed and laffed till the bushes got to shakin', and then to dancin', and if ever there was a gay old time, it was then and thar. there was a gay old time, it was then and thar. Them red-skins got stung so that they puffed up wusser than an inflated bladder. They could not lay on the hillside, and so rolled into the valnot lay on the fillside, and so rolled into the val-ley, and as I couldn't do 'em any good, and thar bein' several stray hornits hangin' back as a re-serve ready to lance their harpoons into any-thing that might show itself, I vacated that va-cinity in blooded-racer style. I retreated south, and as I war makin' my way along the ledge of bluffs that face the valley of the Black Woods, a group fell mom my ear."

a groan fell upon my ear."
"A groan?" exclaimed Seth; "did you find "A groan!" exclaimed Seth; "did you find Maggie Harris!"
"No; war thar whar you left her?"
"It was near the ledge of which you speak that I left her," replied Seth, excitedly.

"I saw nothing of her; but I found a dying boy there. It was Abe Thorne. He had been shot through the lung and was nearly gone when got to him. He tried to talk and tell me some i', but the seal of death was upon the p s lips. He pointed this way and that, moved, but I couldn't catch one word. lips moved, but I couldn't catch one word. I shouldn't wonder, Seth, but he war trying to tell me bout Maggie. Ah! I tell ye, boys, I war teched to the very heart. If I had laughed with joy a few minutes before tell I cried, I couldn't keep back tears of pity as I looked upon that poor lad with his pale face, his quiverin' lips, and dilated nostrils, dyin' there with no mother, nor sister, nor friend's kind words to cheer him up, nor bid him adieu afore he went away into the unknown world. I stood by him till he died, then I carried the body away and buried it in then I carried the body away and buried it in the woods under a tree. It went hard to put him away without a word bein' said, seein' he him away without a word bein' said, seein' he was a boy. I remembered a real nice prayer that my old mother l'arnt me when I was a cub, but my heart failed me when I come to say it. I war afraid the Lord would pay no attention to the prayers of a blasted old sinner like old Joyful Jim. No; I laid the boy away nice as possible; covered him up and piled stones on the grave; then I took myself away into the woods. I crept around to the north of this hill and got into the cavern, enterin' from that side. I've been dis-

cavern, enterin' from that side. I've been digcavern, enterm' from that side. I've been dig-gin' than four solid hours."

"Poor Abe Thorne!" said Seth, "he has been slain by the hand of a boy friend, or one who pretended to be his friend. As to Maggie, I pre-sume the Indians have got her. Fool that I was for leaving her; but then I acted, as I supposed, for the best."

Whar's the rest of the Brigade?" asked Jovful Jim At the mouth of the cavern! Let us join them at once and prepare to leave this place.
I'll suffocate if I don't get into the open air

ide of the hill. Harris became almost frenzied as he listened Joyful Jim's story of Abe Thorne's death,

and the supposed capture of his daughter.
With as short delay as possible, the little band made haste to vacate the cavern. Led by Joyful Jim, they filed away through the derk pas-

The savages seemed to have instinctively anticipated their intentions and swarmed in after thing daunted, our friends pushed on. finally reached the rear opening of the chamber.
All halted just within, and sent old Jim out to reconnoiter. In five minutes the signal agreed pon was given, and the little band filed ind joined the scout. "Now, which way?" asked the old man.

"Toward Lake Luster," answered Seth, and taking the lead, headed toward the south-west. Savage cries, announcing the escape of the Boy Brigade, rose upon the night. From all points they were answered; but, silent as phan-toms, our friends stalked on through the darkness, led by the indomitable young rifleman Seth gradually bent his course so as to bring him back to where he had left Maggie Harris; but, when he reached the point and found her

gone, he said nothing but pushed on into the valley.

eternal. Stately pines reared their heads heavenward like giant sentinels; the mold in which their roots found nourishment was heavy and sodden; the atmosphere damp and depressing. Animal life seemed banished from the place, and a depressing, foreboding silence reigned there.

reigned there.

But this silence lasted only for a short period

a few minutes—ere voices could be heard call
ing to each other, from out the depths of the
woods, in unnatural tones. They were savages
Suddenly a sharp and sullen boom, not unlike
that of a cannon, burst upon the night, its echoes
rebounding from hill to valley and fading away
in quavring intonations.

rebounding from hill to valley and ading away in quavering intonations.

The Boy Brigade stopped and discussed the matter of the noise; but as they could form no conception as to its meaning, they pushed on through the woods. They had journeyed nearly a mile when, all of a sudden, a broad expanse of dazzling light burst upon their eyes.

They stood upon the shore of Lake Luster—the tiny jewel that sparkled upon the bosom of the grim Black Woods, as it lay bathed in the mellow beams of the full, round moon.

CHAPTER XIX. WHITHER SHALL SHE FLY?

WHITER SHALL SHE FLY?

MAGGIE HARRIS was a brave and peerless girl. When left alone to await her young protector's return, she stilled the beating of her heart, and reconciled her mind to her situation. She could hear the firing of guns back in the woods, and knew that a desperate conflict was going on. Then, when the savages charged the Boy Brigade, and their yell rose loud and fierce upon the air, she was filled with a grave fear. But, before she had time for much speculation, a movement in the bushes arrested her attention.

She turned and beheld an object creeping along the earth, with great difficulty; and a second glance told her it was a human form. Her ond glance told her it was a numan form. Her first impression was that a savage was creeping stealthily upon her. A cry rose to her lips, but with supreme effort she restrained it. She recognized the voice, but not the face. The latter was haggard and covered with blood. It was Abe Thorn.

He was wounded, and bleeding to death.

Maggie moved toward him, all the kindness of her young heart wakened by sympathy for the

of her young heart wakened by sympathy for the wounded boy.

"You, Maggie? Are you alone?" asked the youth, in a feeble tone.
"Yes; but, Abe, what ails you?" asked the

maiden, shuddering.

"Oh, Maggie!" he cried, in a feeble tone, as he sank upon the earth, overcome with sheer exhaustion from loss of blood; "I've been shot, and naustion from loss of blood; "I've been shot, and I'm going to die."
"Who shot you?—the Indians?"
"No; one whom I always knew was treacherous, yet whom I considered my friend—Ivan Le Clercq, who is now an Indian chief."
"My friend suspected as much; but, Abe, let me hind un your wounds and take, care of you

"My friend suspected as much; but, Abe, let me bind up your wounds and take care of you till help comes."

"No power on earth can save me; that I know," replied Abe. "Our troubles all come about on account of Sure Shot Seth. The day of the shooting-match Ivan and some more of us caught Seth and tied him up to a tree, so's he couldn't win the prize. But the Indians came before we could release him, and he was killed while bound helpless to the tree."

"Are you sure he was killed, Abe?" questioned Maggie.

"Are you sure he was kined, Aber questioned Maggie.
"Yes; Ivan found his form stript of flesh still lashed to the tree. The wolves had eaten him. And so you see, Maggie, I die with a heavy load upon my soul, and I'm afraid the good Lord will not forgive me."
"He will not punish you for the death of Sure Shot Seth, Abe," Maggie answered, "for Seth

Abe started as if from a dream.
"Sure Shot Sethalive!" he exclaimed. "Mag-

gie, are you not mistaken?"

I am not; he left me but a few minutes ago."

"Then I can die in peace," he said, again sinking to the earth; "but, Maggie, let me warn you of danger. The fear of punishment for the supposed death of Seth drove Ivan Le Clercq to the Indians, and, for some deed of valor, he was given the position lately occupied by Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief. Ivan loves you, Maggie, and he will exert every effort to get you into his power. Because I opposed further wickedness, he shot me down when I turned to leave them. I know not what the other boys will do; but I do know mother will think a deal more of me dead, dying as I do, than a living traitor. If you ever meet her, Maggie, tell her of me, and our talk. But you had better not remain here, Maggie. There are many Indians in the Black Woods bent upon the destruction of all the Maggie. There are many Indians in the Moods bent upon the destruction of all the whites they can find."

I cannot leave you, Abe, suffering as you "I can't suffer long, Maggie, for I am nearly

Overcome with emotion, Maggie sat down by the dying youth, and, burying her face in her hands, wept bitterly. hands, wept bitterly.

A silence, broken only by the maiden's sobs, ensued. When Maggie again turned to Abe his eyes were half closed, his lips were slightly parted, while his face were that calm, yet awful expression of death. She supposed he

en; but he was not.
"Poor Abe!" sobbed the maiden; but she started at the sound of her own voice. It sounded hollow and unnatural. She glanced wildly around her. The distant report of fire-arms, the moan of the woods, and the presence of death, all conspired to fill her soul with horror. She started to her feet, then turned and fled the spot like a frightened fawn.

like a frightened fawn.
She ran on deeper and deeper into the shadows of the Black Woods, as though there were some irresistible power drawing her into their gloomy labyrinths. The shadows were deep as twilight, though now and then a faint stray beam of light, dim and ghostly, fell across her path.

An indescribed by providing speed to her foot. An indescribable horror lent speed to her feet, and she glided on until her steps were arrested by a blaze of light bursting upon her from before. She found the forest had terminated in a broad sheet of glimmering water. She stood on the shore of Lake Luster. She glanced over the little sheet and around its margin. No sign of

life was visible. The place seemed wrapt profound soltitude. Deep in the bosom of the great black forest re-They at once returned to their friends, and as few words as possible, reported the disovery of another passage opening on the north and entertied the lake. A border of shanows ang over all. Here and there a little cove or allet indented the shore. Wild flowers mingled

their breath with the odor of the green wood.

Half exhausted and half delirious by her violent exercise, Maggie sunk down under a tree. She leaned her throbbing head against the trunk, and clasped her hands over her beating heart. She closed her eyes and sunk into mental repose. She inhaled the fresh air and the sweet essence distilled on its breath; and, lulled by the soft cadence of the breeze among the tree-tops, she sunk into a gentle slumber, that was severed and refreshing as embedding. was as sweet and refreshing as ambrosia to the lips. Even the sense of hearing was enraptured as she slept. The soft, flute-like notes of music fell upon her ears in dreams. Bright visions and

enchanting scenes passed in rapid review before her, like the figures of a panorama. Finally she awoke. Was it mockery?—all Finally she awoke. Was it mockery?—all bitter disappointment that had attended her refreshing slumber? No, not at all; the sweet breath of the woods was there, and low, soft and melodious the woods was there, and low, soft and melodious the weird and solemn refrain of a harp came to her ears. She started up in partial bewilderment, gazing wildly around her. She bent her head and listened. Nothing save the ravishing strains of music, broke the silence. They seemed to issue from a cluster of bushes along the shore to the left and a sift mells to along the shore to the left, and, as if unable to overcome the weird fascination of the sound, she turned and moved toward it.

the still placid waters of the bay. Upon the bosom of the latter rested a strange-looking craft, resembling the long, narrow roof of a house with gables. A door opened in the side of this roof-like structure, and in front of it sat two persons, an old man and a young girl.

The former sat with his face buried in his hands apparently absorbed in deep reveries.

hands, apparently absorbed in deep reverie; while the maiden, with snowy fingers flashing over the strings of a Spanish harp, called forth those wild, weird strains of celestial music.

CHAPTER XX.

PALACE OF OLD NEPTUNE

ENCHANTED by the music and startled by the scene, Maggie Harris stood silent and motionless, listening to the one and studying the other. The player was a young and beautiful girl, possibly not over eighteen years of age. Her rare loveliness, her sylph-like form, her queenly grace, and air of high-born accomplishments contrasted strangely with the surrounding scene. Her eyes were of a soft brown, large and lustrous, and full of tenderness and love. She was robed in a gown of misty blue with a white collar around the snowy neck. Her golden hair hung like silken floss down her back. A tiny, golden clasp at the throat, and a modest little rose in the hair were the only ornaments the fair creature wore. She sat near the old man, her very attitude, the poise of the head, and the manner in which she held her harp, all were positions of exquisite grace and ease.

manner in which she held her harp, all were positions of exquisite grace and ease.

The man was upward of sixty years of age, and in type and dress the personification of old Neptune. His face, his beard, his hair, and even his trident spear, bore a striking resemblance to those of the God of the Sea. His brow wore the contracted furrows of care and deep thought. By his side lay some mechanical contrivance, consisting of wheels, rods and shafts of copper; and by these sat a kit of tools, such as would only be used by a master mechanical hand.

The craft upon which these two mysterious people were seated was as odd as it was ingenious. It was about twenty feet long by ten in

The craft upon which these two mysterious people were seated was as odd as it was ingenious. It was about twenty feet long by ten in width, and sloped gradually from the water to a point like the comb of a house-roof, though it was plainly evident that some portion of its square was submerged. The whole was plated with galvanized sheet-iron which gaveit a white, clouded color. On the top were four small tubes resembling chimneys, though it was not possible that all were used as such. Maggie regarded the strange sight for some time with speechless emotion. She had often heard of Lake Luster and the foreboding solitude that surrounded it; but never had she heard of these people, who had, from all appearances, dwelt there for some time. She scarcely knew whether to consider them friends or foes. There was something in the stern looks of the old man and the desolate repose that surrounded his habitation, that made her doubtful of his character. But, the fair and lovely creature at his side—innocence, womanly love and kindness were written upon every feature of her face; and in the strains that floated out from the harp came the accompaniment of a sweet and holy spirit.

While the fugitive maiden stood undecided as to the course she should pursue, the old man started up, seized his trident and thrust it into the water. A smile overspread his face—a smile that drove away all those hard lines, and relieved the fears of Maggie Harris. As the old man drew back his spear, our heroine saw a large fish impaled upon it, struggling in the grasp of the terrible barbs.

Releasing the fish, and securing it from escape, the old man again relaxed into silence, while the maiden continued at the harp. Five minutes, perhaps, had passed, when he again threw his spear and drew in a second fish. While he was releasing it, the maiden ceased playing, and, walking to the old man, said:

"Oh, what a nice fish, father! The two will be ample for our want for a day or two. The poor thing, how it struggles. It seems a pity to kill them, after

enchantment of music

enchantment of music."

"God has placed the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea at our command; and we have only to take them when our needs demand them. A slice of venison, or a roasted fowl, would be a welcome change at our table; but these are perilous times, and the report of a rifle might guide enemies to our retreat."

"Enemies? what enemies have we, father?" muestioned the maiden.

questioned the maiden.
"There's no telling; the savages will doubt-less regard all whites who do not join their ranks as enemies; and, if so, we will be in danger, for I will never bear arms against my country-Why not observe a strict neutrality,

father "This would be impossible with the red-skins. They have no knowledge, in their savage ignorance, of civilized warfare, and we could not convince them that as noutrals we had any convince them that, as neutrals, we had any rights they were bound to respect."
"Why not quit Lake Luster till peace is re

"I could not think of it, Vishnia; especially, while upon the eve of success in my invention that must give me fame and wealth through all

But, father, if there is a war between the North and South, the sale of your self-propelling, self-acting torpedo may give you both fame and wealth. Now would be a good time to in-

"Not very, daughter. The war between the North and South will not be a naval war. It will be principally on land," the old man re-

'At any rate, why waste more of your life over a project that you may never achieve, and which has ruined the life and mind of many a

Maggie heard all this conversation, and was not a little surprised. She saw that the old man had secluded himself there to work out in secret the complication of some great invention. She had heard and read of such self-abnegation before, on the part of wise men, for the further-ance of science. But, such great sacrifice had been uncalled for, and was usually attended with been uncalled for, and was usually attended with an overwrought imagination. In the subdued light of the old man's eyes, his knit brows, and snowy temples, she could see the presence of a partially-clouded mind. His conversation re-vealed this, and Maggie had resolved not to in-trude upon the privacy of his beloved schemes, and was about to turn away when she heard a rustle in the shrubbery to her right. Turning her eyes, she beheld a clump of bushes carefully parted and a painted savage face appear in the parted, and a painted savage face appear in the

A cry rose to her lips, and like a deer she dart-A cry rose to her lips, and like a deer she darted from her concealment and ran toward the water. She had gone but a few paces, however, when the savage overtook her. He grasped her by the arm and arrested her flight; then he lifted her in his naked, brawny arms and turned to flee. But, before he had taken a dozen steps, something struck him in the back with a dull thud. A gasp escaped his lips, and with a convulsive quiver running through his whole form, he sunk heavily to the earth, falling across the unconscious form of Maggie.

vulsive quiver running through his whole form, he sunk heavily to the earth, falling across the unconscious form of Maggie.

A massive footstep approached from the lake, and the tall form of the mysterious old man of Lake Luster stood by the side of the dead warrior and the helpless maiden. Stooping, he seized the savage's form and hurled him aside, then from the body he withdrew his barbed spear, lifted Maggie in his strong arms and carried her aboard his boat. Scarcely had he done so when a fierce, savage yell burst upon the air, and a score of savages rushed from the woods to avenge their fallen comrade; but, before they could reach the water's edge, the boat was put in motion by some invisible means.

The savages fired at the craft, but their bullets glanced from the metal covering of the structure like hail from a stone wall; and, in a few moments more, it was even beyond riflerange, out upon the bosom of Lake Luster.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 353.)

INDUSTRY is wealth.

THE FROZEN RAIN.

BY M. A. WARNER

What magic scene is this that greets my raptured vision,
Have the angels left their homes and come to bless us for a day?
Have they brought these robes of beauty, from their bright and fair Elysian,
To make glad the hearts of mortals, and to cheer them on the way?

See the trees, all decked in jewels, like unnum-bered tapers lighted, Gleam like rubies, opals, diamonds, in the clear and frosty air! Every shrub is clothed in beauty, nor have mean-est weeds been slighted, But one and all alike shine forth, in radiance rich and rare.

Would that I could read the lesson shadowed forth in all this whiteness—
Read a lesson, that, if true, would fill all hearts with untold bliss,
That we each and every one at last should share a home of brightness,
And forget all sins and sorrow that had troubled us in this.

on, our retering trust that Thy care for erring mortals,
In love hath sent a lesson, thus for human hearts to think;
Shall we each and every one at last, pass through the golden portals,
And form one glorious chain, without a missing

Oh, our Father! may I trust that Thy care for err-

Adrift on the Prairie: THE ADVINTURES OF FUR YOUNG N'MRODS.

BY OLL COOMES.

X.—A GRAND SPECTACLE—OUR RETURN TO SWAN LAKE.

SWAN LAKE.

ONE can but faintly imagine our feelings when started from a sweet, pleasant slumber by Uncle Lige's excited words informing us that we were doomed to a fearful death. We quickly arose and dressing ourselves hurried outside, where a sight that paralyzed us with horror met our gaze. The prairie was on fire! Around us on all sides was a wall of red, glaring flames. The slough to our right and the slough to our left, and the plain before and behind us were one seething mass of roaring, hissing fire, the closest wall being scarcely over a mile from us.

We knew the minute we saw the situation We knew the minute we saw the situation that Uncle Lige had been sleeping on his post, else he would have discovered the fire ere our lives were endangered. He was afraid of prairie fire, and it was to guard against this danger that made him so anxious to keep watch; and yet he had let the seductive goddess Sleep woo him from his vigils while his worst fears were being realized. This he frankly admitted without fear.

"But how come the plain and swamps on fire?" we questioned, feeling not a little mystified that the fire should be all around us, in-

fire?" we questioned, feeling not a little mystified that the fire should be all around us, instead of being upon one side.

"It's been them infernal Ingins, I expect; and they've fixed it all around in hopes of gittin' the game inside already roasted. It's one of their ornery tricks to kill game by fire—burn it to death. They're too lazy to hunt and shoot it. But, boys, we must try to save our lives."

"What can we do?" was the question that passed from lip to lip. There was such a fascinating horror in the awful scene that we could not turn our eyes from it. A continuous roar that seemed to tremble through the night like the jarring sound of distant thunder smote our ears. The flames, feeding upon the tall dry reeds in the swamps, shot heavenward like monstrous serpent tongues, licking and lapping at the clouds. The blue sky and its starry hosts were blotted from view by the dense, black smoke. A dome of awful darkness hung over us—a wall of living flame surrounded us, lighting up the scene with a white, garish light that rendered our faces wan and ghastly. Jim's black mustache and imperial stood out in bold relief against a full, round face of snowy whiteness. Bob's brown beard and bronzed face looked hoary and wild; while George's black eyes looked from a visage that wore a deathlike pallor. It was the first prairie-fire the latter had ever seen; and yet he betrayed no more wonder and fear than the rest of us. There was a horrible fascination about it that none could resist, and we stood mute and silent as graven images fear than the rest of us. There was a horrible fascination about it that none could resist, and we stood mute and silent as graven images—transfixed by momentary fear. Our horses pricked up their ears and snorted uneasily. Uncle Lige's cattle bellowed with affright as they glared, with glassy eyes and white, ghostly horns, around them. And Ben, covering unless that a different to the der the wagon, lent an additional terror to the

"Boys! Boys!" called Uncle Lige, "come, come, we must get to work!"

His words broke the spell that bound us, and we at once realized, that if we would save our-

selves, we must be doing something; for the flames, roaring and crackling as if belehed from the mouth of the Inferno, were fast closing in we caught the wild howl of wolves inside the circle of fire. With frightened scream birds

circle of fire. With frightened scream birds started up from their grassy roosts, only to become bewildered and suffocated and fall back into the flames. To and fro across the arena of fire we could see a number of graceful animal forms gliding with the speed of the wind. They were deer, but we had no desire to molest them now. Our personal safety was the first consideration

As a sailor knows how to contend with the dangers of the sea, so does a plainsman the dangers of the prairie. Perils that seem unavoidable to those unaccustomed to the ocean or plain are met and easily overcome by these two

reckless and fearless characters.
With his usual composure, Uncle Lige turned to us and said:

to us and said:
"Boys, if you don't want to roast alive, help
me start a 'back-fire.'"
We waited for no further orders. We followed his example, and pulling a double-handful of
dry grass, touched a lighted match to it, and then dry grass, touched a lighted match to it, and then assisted in firing the grass in a circle around the wagon, and about ten rods from it. Of course, a double line of fire was the result—one moving in wagon, and about ten four from the control of double line of fire was the result—one moving in toward the wagon, the other outward, leaving a burned space between. However, before the inner circle had got under headway, we took bunches of grass, dipped them in a pail of water brought in before night, and then whipped out the fire, and our danger was over. Meanwhile, the outer circle that we had started, was rapidly gathering force and sweeping on to meet the mighty wall of flame rolling in toward us.

When assured that all dangers were passed our fears assumed an expression of admiration, and we stood, watching the seething, roaring tide until the plain had been swept clean of its brown, fleecy coat. Owing to the inner circle of fire, we were unable to see what became of the animals that the first circle had surrounded. We were satisfied, however, that they perished in the flames.

In half a minute after the two fires met they went out, and an impenetrable gloom fell around us. Nothing but a black, ruined waste hung upon the trail of the fiery element. The smoke still obscured the sky. The nauseate, pungent odor of the burned grass and the flying askes

filled the air.

We lit our lantern and sat down within its light. We could not help talking of the awful fire. Uncle Lige remained quiet, a strange smile playing upon his face. We all noted his indifference and spoke of it aside; and as it continued, a vague mistrust rose in our minds. This was strengthened after taking into consideration the facts of his anyiety to stand guard the near filled the air. the facts of his anxiety to stand guard, the near approach of the fire before we were aroused, and his unusual sang froid in the face of what he had first termed imminent danger; and we were finally led to suspect him of having fired the plain himself for the sake of a little sensation. We slept but little more that night, and were extremely glad when the day dawned upon us; although its light revealed a black, desolate

waste of prairie that stripped the landscape of its romantic beauty. The Hell and Purgatory were shorn of their wilderness of reeds. Their waters were discolored with black ashes, and studded with the black, burned stumps of the

Deer hunting was at an end here now, and so. Deer hunting was at an end here now, and so, harnessing up, we began retracing our footsteps toward Swan Lake. When some twenty miles from it, we crossed the trail of the fire, and once more entered the brown, grassy plain. Here we felt more at ease, and that spirit of desolation that pervaded our breasts, while upon the burned district, was entirely banished.

We had no hopes, however, of sighting game short of the lake, and were thinking nothing on that subject, when we were suddenly brought to

that subject, when we were suddenly brought to a halt by command of Uncle Lige, who, in a quick, excited tone, directed our attention to the crest of a bold eminence on the plain a mile or

A Narrow Escape.

The morning of the 7th of July was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen at sea. The sun arose bright and clear, and the fresh, cool, pure air swept mildly across the decks and played idly with the ropes and sails.

Upon going to my cabin I perceived Captain D. examining the glass with much earnestness, and a look of anxiety upon his swarthy, sunburnt face.

burnt face.

"How does the barometer stand, captain?"

"Twenty-eight," he replied, hurriedly.

"Twenty-eight! Why, the mercury stood at thirty this morning."
"We shall have lightning and wind before very long," said Captain D., taking a seat.
By three o'clock we were becalmed; not a cap-

ful of wind was stirring, and a sense of suffoca-tion troubled me.

The ocean was as smooth as a piece of ice; no

The ocean was as smooth as a piece of ice; no ripple or wave disturbed its serenity.

And so it continued until five o'clock.

The vessel had no steerage-way upon her.

By half-past five the skies were overcast to the north and eastward by heavy banks of dark clouds, denser and more gloomy on account of the previous brightness and the present unearthly silence.

Nothing could be heard but the creaking of blocks or flapping of sails.

A strange, weird gloom settled upon the water, growing blacker and denser each moment.

And yet there was no wind, no motion to the

water or vessel. The gloom and silence were ominous; it affected all hands and produced a very uncomfortable feeling in officers and men.

Sail was shortened and preparation made for a "nasty night."

Front but the company of the com

Enough sail was, however, left to keep her steady and head to wind when it came.

I was determined to remain on deck and witness the sublimity of a stormat sea.

The rain pounced down in torrrents, and I astily donned an oil-skin suit.

The vessel was now heading south by east.

The vessel was now heading sound by with the rain came wind, upon our port-quar-At length came a vivid flash from the inky-black clouds and illuminated the sea for miles

around.

A broad blaze lighted up the skies.

It was grand, awfully grand—sublime!

Then came a crash—a terrible crash.

Although expecting it, I was awed.

For half an hour the lightning and thunder gleamed and pealed across the ocean, accompanied by a heavy rain.

Suddenly the lightnin ceased playing; the darkness was intense.

darkness was intense.

Suddenly the lightnin ceased playing; the darkness was intense.

"Groping my way forward I found myself upon the top-gallant fo'castle standing alongside the chief mate, who was ordering the man to keep a "bright lookout ahead."

While they were speaking I thought I heard a strange, rushing noise ahead.

"Hark, do you not hear that?" I asked. The sound was more distinct now than ever; the mate heard it, and exclaimed:

"Good God! there's a vessel right ahead!"
He turned rapidly round, and placing his hand to his mouth, thundered out: "Stand by your braces, men! Bear a hand! Let each brace be manned! Mind your helm!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" from twenty throats.

We could not see a fathom ahead of our bowsprit. The noise gained strength. I heard the men hurrying forward to find out what was the trouble, but the mate angrily ordered them to their stations.

It was a terrible moment for us. The sound

grew louder, but no ship appeared.
Suddenly a vivid flash shot across our bows and revealed the spars and hull of a large, heavy

ship.
She was steering west and almost under our bows. We were going ten knots, and it seemed impossible to help colliding.
"Braces, quick! Cast off to windward! Sharp up your yards! Down, hard down your helm, there, hard down!" Work with a will, men—

My God—in with those braces, brace her sha up. Down your helm quartermaster, ha down," the mate yelled in a stentorian voice.

down," the mate yelled in a stentorian voice.

It was an awful moment.

The lightning came again; a cry of horror;—
the ships were close together.

In a moment more we felt a terrible shock;
there was a heavy strain—a crash—a grating
noise, and a flash of lightning. By it we perceived the stranger upon our quarter.

Her main yard-arm had carried away our
main top-gallant backstay.

She was soon out of sight, although flash after
flash illumined the water and sky.

flash illumined the water and sky.

Many an unused and fervent prayer ascended

This little poem comes to us as the com-osition of a girl of fourteen. It is not only harming in sentiment, but is charmingly express d. The author evidently possesses the poet's pre-

to heaven that awful night.

SEEKING.

BY EUDORA MAY STONE.

I seek for violets, far and near; The tall trees whisper to deride me. I reach my lowly path, and here The dainty darlings droop beside me.

Through all the world I seek, and ask That fame and fortune may elate me I turn me to my lowly task, And there does happiness await me.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE LEAGUE CONVENTION. THE LEAGUE CONVENTION.

THE association of the most wealthy of the stock-holding professional clubs, known as the National League of Professional Clubs, held their first annual convention on Dec. 7th, at the Kennard House, Cleveland, and the event proved to be one of especial interest to the League clubs, and, in fact, to all the professional organizations to a certain extent. The experience of the past season plainly pointed out to the League that some of the legislation of their inaugural session was not calculated to be of advantage to them, and in one instance they have profitted by them, and in one instance they have profited by the lesson the past season taught them, this be-ing in the case of the abrogation of the rule admitting of the engagement of players during an existing season for an ensuing season's work. But they have failed to perceive the pecuniary loss involved in the retention of the fifty-cent tariff, and they have also failed to realize the importance and advantage of so amending their rules governing the membership of their association as to open its doors to every professional club which desires the protection the League affords to clubs in holding players to their confurman, ib....

tracts and in preventing "crooked" work and

"revolving."
The event of the Cleveland session was the expulsion of the Athletic and Mutual clubs from the Association. Expelling a club is the most severe penalty known to the League constitution. Its enforcement is called for whenever a club is found guilty of fraudulent play. In the case of these clubs, however, their violation of the League rules may be said to have been of a ve-nial character, their fault being simply a failure to play a little over a tenth part of the quota of games assigned them; in other words, the two games assigned them; in other words, the two clubs had each to play seventy odd games, and instead were only enabled to play in one case fifty-nine and in the other fifty-six. It appears from the record of the proceedings—sent us by Mr. Meacham, of the Chicago Tribune, the only reporter allowed in the convention—that there was an incentive for the extreme action taken reporter allowed in the convention—that there was an incentive for the extreme action taken in the case of these two clubs which does not exactly accord with the sentiments contained in the second article of the League constitution. The case in fact was this. After the bankruptcy of the Athletics, Bradley, Anson and Battin, who had been engaged by the Athletics for the season of 1877, found it to their interest to join other clubs, the two former signing with the Chicago club and the latter with St. Louis, this being done with the proviso of their obtaining other clubs, the two former signing with the Chicago club and the latter with St. Louis, this being done with the proviso of their obtaining their release from the Athletics. There were two methods of punishing the Athletic club; the one was by forfeiting the games they failed to play, and the other was by expelling them. The four Western clubs asked for their expulsion, and the St. Louis club individually requested that the unplayed games be forfeited, so as to give them second position in the pennant race. To have applied the penalty of forfeiture would have been to have exempted the two clubs from expulsion, in which case the contracts with the three players—wanted in Chicago and St. Louis—would have been held as valid. Being on the horns of this dilemma, the Board of Directors chose the way of escape which expulsion pointed out, and so St. Louis had to be content with third place and with getting Battin back in their nine, while Chicago benefited by the result in getting Bradley and Anson for service in 1877. Hence the infliction of the harsh penalty of expulsion from the League.

We find also that a new wording of a rule of the League applicable to the punishment of players for misconduct bears with such partiality in

the League applicable to the punishment of players for misconduct bears with such partiality in favor of the club managers against the club players as to call for special comment. The rule in question is this: stion is this:

"Any player who shall conspire with any person cainst the interest of his club, or by any conduct anifest a disposition to obstruct the management his club, may be expelled. The club is entitled the best services of the player, and if any player ecomes indifferent or careless in his play, or from any cause becomes unable to render service satisfac-

While this section may have the effect of urg-While this section may have the effect of urging players to use extra exertion in the discharge of their field duties, and also act as an obstacle to any operations known as "crooked work," it opens the door to an arbitrary control of each individual player to an extent which practically deprives him of any rights the clubs might otherwise be obliged to respect. In fact, it gives the power to a club to discharge any player of the club team at any period of the season upon the slightest of pleas, as it will be very easy to bring his conduct under the category of "unsatisfactory service." The application of the new rule can be strikingly illustrated in the case of Borden, of the Boston team of 1876.

satisfactory service." The application of the new rule can be strikingly illustrated in the case of Borden, of the Boston team of 1876.

This player having been found a sort of costly elephant on the hands of the club, and all efforts to induce him to release the club from the responsibility of having to pay him his salary for three years, having failed through his prompt acquiesence in every duty given him to discharge, it became a problem how to r.d the club of the pecuniary obligations his retention involved. The wording of this new rule does the business at once, and Borden may date his discharge from the Boston club from the hour this rule was adopted.

There is one rule which the Convention adopted which specially commends itself as a step in the right direction, and that is the rule which prohibits every league club from making any contract with an engaged player from March 15th to the close of the season, or to the time the club holding the player disbands. By this new law of the Association—one adopted by a unanimous vote—after March 15th no League club can employ any player who is held to service by a written contract to any club, "in or out of the League." This does away with the custom in vogue last season of taking in players of coperative clubs, without regard whether such players violated their agreements or not. This operative clubs, without regard whether such players violated their agreements or not. This custom was a fruitful source of revolving in the semi-professional arena last season, and it was mainly due to the countenance given to the class of players anxious to get into League nines, by League club managers seeking to strengthen

their teams.

The amendments to the playing rules do not involve any material change in the fundamental laws of the game. In brief they are as follows:

The ball is of the same size, weight and material as that of 1876, viz.: nine and a quarter inches in circumference, five and a half ounces in weight, and composed of woolen yarn covered with leather, and containing the usual ounce ball of rubber. The League decided, however, to use only one kind of ball, and they selected the "regulation dead ball," made by Mahn of Boston. No match between League nines can now be legal unless played with a ball furnished by the League secretary, he procuring them heir teams. now be legal times played with a ban furnished by the League secretary, he procuring them in quantities from the appointed manufacturer. The bases—with the exception of the home base—have been enlarged from one foot square to fifteen inches square. The home base has been changed from the position it occupied last year, and now is located within the lines of the diamond.

Besides the foul ball lines, lines are to be laid down parallel to the foul lines as a boundary line within which the batting side are not allowed to pass.

The batsman's position has been brought forward a foot, so that he can now stand three feet in front of the home base line instead of but two,

as last season.

Base runners running from home to first base must keep on the base line. If they run outside of that line before reaching first base they are to be decided out. In returning on foul balls, too, they must run back. If they walk back they are

If a base-runner in any way allows a batted ball to touch him he is to be decided out. He is now allowed to get behind a fielder to avoid obstructing him in fielding. If a ball is not held by a fielder when it is thrown to him to put a base runner out—as is frequently the coacing the state of the state ase runner out—as is frequently the case in col-isions—the runner is not out.

The pitching rules have not been changed, but

the rule defining high and low balls has been reworded so as to make the belt of the player the boundary line. All balls not above the belt and not below the knee are now "low balls," and all balls above the belt and not higher than the shoulder are high balls.

The Convention established a code of rules for

the convention exacts a cote of rules for the guidance of the scorers, mainly taken from the *Clipper*. The rule throwing out foul ball catches, advocated by Harry Wright, was not adopted, and the rule on this subject remains the same as last season. The new score will read as follows:

)	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	TR.	B.R.	P.O.A.	
	McVey, c	5	4	6	2	5	d
	Spalding, p	6	2	4	2	4	-
	Glenn, 1b	5	3	5	3	8	1
3	Barnes, 2b			7	5	7	
1	Anson, 8b		3	5	3	4	4
8	Peters, s.s		4	5	4	2	5
3	"Brown," l.f	4	6	3	2	2	6
6	Hines, c.f	4	5	3	2	4	i
1	Bradley, r.f	3	4	2	2	1	0
9				_	_		-
1		41	36	32	25	37 1	6
					*	AL PERSON IN	•
ı	BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	BR.	P.O.A.	à
	White, c	5	3	2	2	5	4
-			0	11/22/3		-	-

West, 2b Sutton, 8b
G Wright, s.s
Leonard, l.f
O'Rourke, c.f
Brown, r.f

The innings remain the same as before. The new method adds a column for successful base running, cleanly stolen bases counting now.

The records of put out and assisted are added together, for one act of fielding, on the average, is as creditable as the other.

In the selection of umpires, the new rule requires that each League club shall select three men as regular occurants of the position for the

men as regular occupants of the position for the season, for the city in which the club is located, and that when a match takes place one or other of these three is to be chosen by lot to umpire

the game.
The Convention very properly re-elected Mr.
Young as their secretary.

A THOUSAND BOYS WANTED.—There are always boys enough in the market, but some of them are of little use. The kind that are always

wanted are—

1. Honest.
2. Pure.
3. Intelligent.
4. Active.
5. Industrious.
One thousand firs 7. Steady. 8. Obliging.

One thousand first-rate places are open for a thousand boys who come up to this reasonable standard.

Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of usiness he would prefer. The places are ready business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation.

Many of these places of trade and art are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vecent.

One has an office where the lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the singing saloon and the theatre. This

tend the singing saloon and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently.

His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in his ways.

Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see.

mothers see.

mothers see.

The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled.

Who will be ready for one of these vacan-

Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful

physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death.

Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have these points.

Do not fear that you will be overlooked Do not fear that you will be overlooked.

A few Advertisements will be inserted no this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, non-pareil measurement.

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A LOVER'S POEM.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I love thee for thy sterling worth,
(Six thousand pounds doth she inherit.)
'Tis the best grounded love on earth,
(Three-quarter section farm, or near it.)
Oh, for the day you'll call me yours!
(She's got me now, I'm very sure)
My hopes would fill the universe.
(I would be blest if they were fewer.)

I know of no one half so fair,

I know of no one half so fair,
(She doesn't always treat me fairly.)
Your kindness is so rich and rare,
(But she dispenses of it rarely.)
Your smile is very dear and sweet.
(Save when on others she bestows it.)
My confidence in you is great.
(If Jones is there to-night there goes it.)

For what thing else can I e'er strive?
(My landlord urges me to labor.)
On your affection do I live,
(And sometimes dine upon my neighbor.)
And daily upon you I dote,
(An antidote I greatly need, miss.)
Ilove you much and well you know 't,
(About three times too much indeed, miss.

How proud you'd wear the name of wife? (Authority it gives, in cases.)
Your feet would follow mine through life, (When theaters allured their paces.)
Future for you has much in store, (A dry goods store, I pause to mention.)
The lighter thoughts of yours are o'er, (It's golden ore claims her attention.)

The stamp of beauty is thine own.

(A thousand dollar bill she carries.)
The man you love is king on throne,
(But how about the man she marries?)
I take your hand, I call it mine,
(When e'er I hand her to the carriage.)
Although I feel that I am thine,
(I fear 'twill be so after marriage.)

Great Captains. BLAKE,

"The Father of the English Navy."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Admiral Blake we have a signal instance of "natural bent of genius," With none of that preliminary service or experience which naval

"natural bent of genius." With none of that preliminary service or experience which naval commanders deem essential to success, and with no knowledge of the art of war save what was obtained by a comparatively brief training in the Parliamentary army, he stepped aboard the channel fleet, in 1649, to become renowned in a season. As his "master," Oliver Cromwell, sprung from the people, unheralded, to lead the Parliamentary forces to victory, so Blake came from the people to set aside all "royalty" in the sea service, and to make a new race of heroes out of the plebeian blood that gave "the Commonwealth" its life.

Robert Blake, eldest son of a merchant, was born at Bridgewater, England, in the year 1599. He received what was then termed "good schooling," and lived as a "gentleman" upon the means inherited from his father. As a representative of the trades interests of Bridgewater, he was sent to Parliament, in 1640. But, Parliament and Charles I. were then at loggerheads. The king, following the precedents of arrogance, extravagance and encroachments on constitutional rights set by his father, James I., tried to force the House of Commons to ruinous expenditures, in sustaining an absurd policy; the Commons resisted stubbornly; Charles dissolved that Parliament, as he had done several others which had preceded, and the breach between the Royalists and Parliamentary men both widened and had preceded, and the breach between the Roy alists and Parliamentary men both widened and

Blake, having formally embraced "Puritan" views, found himself arrayed against royalty, from antagonism to its assumed prerogatives, and from religious or anti-state church convicand from religious or anti-state church convictions; so that, when Charles called force to sustain his authority, and Parliament met force with force, Blake very naturally drifted into the Parliamentary army. The great civil war that ensued enlisted all classes. It was a struggle of the Commons and the People against Royalty and Nobility, and of course aroused the keenest partisanship. Families, neighbors, communities divided on the issue. Charles found hearty supporters, and retainers enough to make up a formidable army, while his nephew, Prince Rupert, of Bavaria, brought to his uncle's support large bodies of Germans, and his father-in-law, the King of France, gave liberal material aid in bodies of Germans, and his father-in-law, the King of France, gave liberal material aid in arms, munitions and money. Europe, indeed, looked upon the contest with the liveliest interest, for kings, ministers and nobility saw in the struggle a principle that, if successful, might give courage to the people of all western Europe to make a struggle for constitutional liberty. Blake was in Bristol, under Col. Fiennes, when that city surrendered to Prince Rupert, and was one of the leaders in the enterprise against Taunton—of which city he was made governor.

Taunton—of which city he was made governor. In 1645 he defended it against the royal forces under Goring, with such pertinacity as to twice repulse assaults and to successfully hold out against siege—a service that elicited the thanks of Parliament and a reward of honor.

Prince Rupert, though brave, was impetuous rash, and lacking in military art. As chief of the royal cavalry, he lost the royalists the great battle on Marston Moor (July, 1644). Subse-quently he surrendered Bristol to the conquering Parliamentary arms. Charles was then forced to deprive him of command on land, so assigned him to a fleet which his friends largely contributed to equip. It comprised a number of the best ships of the old navy, and was relied on, by the royalists, to keep the seaport towns

on, by the royalists, to keep the seaport towns in subjection.

But, the cause of Charles having perished by his trial and beheading (January, 1649), left Rupert as the chief representative of the royalists, who now looked to the succession of Charles II.—a design that Cromwell had to dread, for, having been chiefly instrumental in calling Charles I. to trial, he was master of the situation by his death, and did not propose to see royalty restored in the son of Charles. So he planned to rid the popular party of this danger. A Parliamentary fleet was organized in 1649-50, largely made up of merchant ships, and to this fleet three army officers were detailed in the command—Colonels Blake, Deane and Popham, not one of whom had seen proper naval service. The Prince's fleet was then in Kinsale harbor, Ireland. Thither Blake sailed, and blockaded the royal navy. Early in 1651 the Prince succeeded in getting his fleet out, but being pursued by Blake, took refuge in Lisbon, Portugal—then a neutral port. Blake quickly appeared off the harbor, but was refused permission to run up the Tagus to attack. He resented this by capturing a number of rich merchantmen. Parliament sustained this act of war by declaring hostilities against Portugal.

Taking advantage of Blake's temporary disagainst Portugal.

sustained this act of war by declaring hostilities against Portugal.

Taking advantage of Blake's temporary disappearance from the mouth of the Tagus, the Prince ran from Lisbon to Malaga, Spain. Blake now asked no permission of the Spanish authorities, but ran into the port and immediately attacked the royal fleet. After a fierce but short fight he destroyed nearly all the Prince's vessels, and, with no apology to Spain for the "outrage," sailed away for the Thames. For this he was made "Warden of the Cinque Ports," and with his fleet suppressed all royal authority in the English Channel islands.

In 1652, war with the Dutch was declared; Blake was made sole Admiral of the Channel fleet. Von Tromp, the noted Dutch admiral, was sent to destroy him. The fleets, about equally matched, met in the Downs. The Hollander, pursuing his usual mode of attack, ran down to cut the English line, through and through, but in an hour's time drew off, much the worse for his advanture. He found that he had secretion in an hour's time drew off, much the worse for his adventure. He found that he had something else to fight than Spanish conceit and dazzling

Blake struck back by capturing Dutch fishing smacks and a merchantman or two; so Von Tromp put out to engage the adventurous Eng-lishman again, but a storm dispersed the fleets, and the Dutch returned to port.

These failures incensed the Holland government, and Von Tromp was displaced by De Ruyter, but that old "sea-dog" did not venture out, and Von Tromp again assuming command, came upon Blake, Nov. 29th, off the Goodwin Sands. The Englishman, outweighed in guns and outnumbered in ships, was forced, with a loss of five of his best vessels, to retire into the Thames. Von Tromp celebrated his victory by affixing a broom at his masthead and sailing up and down the Channel. He returned to Amsterdam to receive the thanks of the States-General, while the English went to work to organize a fleet that would take that broom off of the Dutchman's mast, as well as destroy Holland's supremacy on the North Sea.

In February, 1653, Blake was ready with eighty sail. The Dutch, too, had been busy, and Von Tromp and De Ruyter were then skurrying the Channel with seventy sail, and convoying a great fleet of Holland merchantmen coming in from the south. Blake met this convoy off Cape la Hague, and then ensued one of the most prolonged and obstinate naval battles on record. For three days the antagonists fought—the Dutch to save their convoy and themselves—the English to capture the rich East Indiamen and to destroy the enemy's vessels. Blake had with him Deane and the famous General Monk (Duke of Albemarle). After three days' fighting the Dutch succeeded in getting off, with a loss of eleven vessels-of-war and thirty of their convoy—under the circumstances a success greatly to their honor. Blake lost but one ship.

or Albemarie. After three days fighing the Dutch succeeded in getting off, with a loss of eleven vessels-of-war and thirty of their convoy—under the circumstances a success greatly to their honor. Blake lost but one ship.

In April of this year (1653) Oliver Cromwell made his coup and obtained possession of the Government. He had risen from obscurity to champion the people's cause, and by his wonderful display of military and executive ability had so won the mastery of the popular or Paliamentary cause as to be able, at the time named, to plant himself in the King's seat—a king under the thin guise of another title—that of Protector of the Commonwealth. The three admirals, in deference to what appeared to be the popular wish, assented to this assumption of supreme power. "It is not for us," said Blake, "to mind state affairs, but to keep the foreigners from fooling us." And this was the keynote of his conduct. He fought for the honor of England, and it mattered little whether Cromwell or Parliament and end.

conduct. He fought for the honor of England, and it mattered little whether Cromwell or Parliament ordered.

June 3d Von Tromp and De Ruyter sought the English fleet again, and off Newport met the ships of Monk, Deane and Lawson—all under general command of Blake. The first day's fight was indecisive. On the second day the combat was renewed and the Dutch were defeated, retiring to Welingen with considerable loss. They no longer carried the broom.

Cromwell received Blake with marked demonstrations of approval, for that fight off the Foreland had given the English a supremacy on the high seas and thus greatly strengthened the Commonwealth. As a mark of popular regard the admiral was returned as member of Parliament from Bridgewater, but sat out only part of the session. Cromwell, then virtually exercising supreme power, resolved upon making the English as well as the Market and the season. from Bridgewater, but sat out only part of the session. Cromwell, then virtually exercising supreme power, resolved upon making the English strength and prowess felt in the Mediterranean. He therefore equipped a powerful fleet, and giving Blake command the admiral sailed for Algiers, whose Bey he forced to salute the flag. Proceeding to Tunis he made imperative demand of its Bey for the release of all English captives—a considerable number of whom were held as slaves to the insolent Moor. The Bey refused Blake's demands; whereupon the admiral proceeded to demolish the forts or castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino, by a bombardment that gave the Mohammedan tyrant a wholesome dread of that "Christian dog."

A section of his fleet, under Captain Stayner, had blockaded Cadiz, Spain—the chief port of entry of the West India "plate" fleets that bore to Spain the treasure wrested from the wretched inhabitants of Mexico, South America and the West Indies. Into Spanish coffers was then flowing a steady stream of wealth—almost every ounce of which represented the blood and suffering of the conquered races. Stayner caught one of these fleets coming in under convoy, and after a brief battle took the two galleons and their escort—a ship-of-war, having on board a Spanish admiral and vice-admiral.

Learning that another fleet had put into the port of Santa Cruz, on the island of Teneriffe, under the protection of its powerful forts, the fleet and treasure were thought to be safe, but Blake, taking twenty-four ships, resolved to destroy the escort and convoy. Arriving at Santa Cruz, he sailed directly into the harbor and ran down on the ships so closely that the land forts could not fire on him without also injuring the

Cruz, he sailed directly into the harbor and ran down on the ships so closely that the land forts could not fire on him without also injuring the Spanish vessels. Having arranged "fire-baskets," he dropped them on the Spaniards' decks as he sailed by, and ere he left the harbor saw the whole fleet in flames. The Spaniards were literally slaughtered on their decks by the terrible breaddides and the conflectation that follows: ble broadsides, and the conflagration that followed consummated a victory that made Blake's name a literal sea terror.

His reception at home, on his return, was enthusiastic. Even Puritan stoicism unbent at the coming of one who, in a two years' cruise, had made a first-class power tremble at the British name, and had exalted the British navy to a position never before attained. Parliament honored him with a cordial vote of thanks and voted him with a cordial vote of thanks and voted him with a cordial vote of thanks and voted thanks are marked to the vote of th him, as a mark of its respect, a diamond ring worth five hundred pounds—equivalent to thrice that sum in modern money. Furitan parsimony was not equal to the princely liberality which a later generation showered upon a Nelson.

Blake returned to Cadiz, which his fleet still blockaded, but the climate he had lately been

Blake returned to Cadiz, which his fleet still blockaded, but the climate he had lately been serving in, and the arduous nature of the services he had been performing for five years, had greatly affected his health. He began to break so rapidly when he arrived off Cadiz (July, 1627) that his flag-ship turned homeward in August, but he died as the ship was entering the port of Plymouth, August 27th, 1657.

The great admiral's death was followed by the grand pageant of a public burial in Westminster Abbey, in Henry VII.'s chapel; but, with pitiful indecency, when Charles II. came to the throne, one of the earliest acts of royalty was to remove the remains from the Abbey and

was to remove the remains from the Abbey and their burial, without ceremony, in the humble graveyard of St. Margaret's church, where they

still repose.

Cromwell had been growing moody and tired Cromwell had been growing moody and tired of power for a year, when the admiral's death was announced. It affected him greatly; he never was his old self again. Not that he had specially loved Blake, but he saw in his death "a warning," and he died in a year and a week from the admiral's decease.

Blake died very poor. What he earned he spent freely among his men; the little fortune left him by his father was consumed in the civil war. His brilliant confures from the Dutch and

var. His brilliant captures from the Dutch and Spanish, that should have enriched him with Spanish, that should have enriched him with prize-money, he also gave away among his officers and crew. By such consideration for the interests of the sailors, as well as by his superior discipline, his masterly leadership and his almost sublime devotion to country, did he, in seven years, lift the British naval service from a lowly to a lofty position, and from his day dated that ascendency of Britain on the seas, which made her one of the greatest of modern military powers.

Cupid and House-Cleaning.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MR. WALTER Ammidon laid his knife and fork down with a gesture of absolute despair.

"Not going to clean house again, Mrs. Benedict Why, it seems as if we had only recovered from the dreadful tearing up process of letters are in the dreadful tearing up process of

last spring."

Mrs. Benedict slowly dropped four lumps of sugar into his coffee, then handed it to him, utterly regardless of the misery in his face.

""Dreadful tearing up!—that's perfect nonsense, Mr. Ammidon! As if you were very much inconvenienced last May while the carpets were up and the shutters off and the cur-

demonium generally.

He was a gentleman, however, Mr. Ammidon was, and so repressed his ill-temper and disgust, and mental maledictions that house-cleaning was a purely malicious instigation of his Satanic majesty for the torment of mankind. "We'll be so nice and sweet and clean," Mrs.

"We'll be so mee and sweet and clean, ars, Benedict went on, with horrible cheerfulness, as she dished the dessert, "and I've been thinking that I'll have your room newly papered, Mr. Ammidon. I'm sure you'll like that?"
"Very much—when it's done, madam. No custard, thank you."
And he cut his dinner short and rushed out of

And he cut his dinner short and rushed out of doors into the cool, fresh October evening air.

"Ah! bah! I can already experience the agonies of last spring. Good heavens, the woman must be made of cast-iron to attempt such a siege again! It is no wonder her husband died if he suffered two attacks of house-cleaning a year, and I shall die, or grow crazy unless I leave her—but I suppose all women are equally idiotic."

A groun of genuine misery broke from his lips

idiotic."
A groan of genuine misery broke from his lips as he strode along, his hat jammed over his eyes—very unlike the handsome gentleman he really was, with his frank, cheery face and pleasant mouth with the white, even teeth, and the half-curling, thick dark hair, and the grave, intelligent eyes, that nothing could ruffle as the idea of Mrs. Benedict's semi-annual "tearing-up"—a courteous, refined, genial gentleman, whom so-courteous, refined, genial gentleman, whom soof Mrs. Benedict's semi-annual "tearing-up"—a courteous, refined, genial gentleman, whom society found a puzzle because of his persistent bachelorhood, when it knew of at least a half-dozen women who would have "jumped" at the faintest chance of an offer of marriage from him—who himself wondered why he never had managed to fall in love—and who pretty little Mrs. Baldwin, the blue-eyed, blonde-haired widow, with no encumbrance, a house of her own, and an income of three thousand a year, often felt quite piqued with, that he was so very unimpressionable.

unimpressionable.

So Mr. Ammidon strode along, almost me So Mr. Ammidon strode along, almost mechanically turning corners, his pace gradually growing slower; and then, all at once, he heard the brilliant tones of a piano as some skilled hands played the "Leo March," and, looking up, found himself in front of a warmly-lighted, cheery, hospitable house—the very house where Mrs. Bessie Baldwin lived.

The contrast was so startlingly vivid between the pictures in his imagination that he involun-

Mrs. Bessie Baldwin lived.

The contrast was so startlingly vivid between the pictures in his imagination that he involuntarily paused—one, the picture of the way Mrs. Benedict's boarding-house would look the next day—the other of how Mrs. Baldwin's elegant little home always appeared when he called there, and as it appeared now through the lace curtains—quiet, warm, hospitable, inviting.

And like a revelation from Heaven it came to him—an idea, a determination that was so strong, so resistless, that he walked forthwith up Mrs. Baldwin's front steps and rung the doorbell, wondering, as he did, why the music had ceased and where the player had gone.

"I'll marry her off-hand if she'll have me! And then we'll see how many times a year the house is cleaned; that is, if—"

Then the door opened, and the maid invited him into the parlor, with the information that Mrs. Baldwin had just run into a neighbor's, by the side gate, but would be back directly, if the sick child was better she had gone to see.

Mr. Ammidon ensconced himself into the easiest chair in the room—a great, deep, wide, cushioned affair that was drawn up by the little low table under the gas drop.

"Bless her pretty blue eyes! Gone to see a

ioned affair that was drawn up by the little low table under the gas drop.

"Bless her pretty blue eyes! Gone to see a sick child—I like that—I like it! What a blessing that it occurred to me to offer myself to such a good-hearted, cheerful, tender, fond little woman as she is, and what a miraculous fool I have been not to have done it long ago. Why, honestly, I feel as if I had been in love with her all along—and I believe I have been, and never knew it!"

His handsome head leaned comfortably against

knew it!"

His handsome head leaned comfortably against the cushions and his well-shaped, well-booted feet were crossed on a low ottoman near the fire that burned cozily and brightly; he waited ten, twenty, thirty minutes, and when she did not come at the expiration of three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Ammidon was conscious of a keen disappointment that astonished himself.

"At all events, my object shall be accomplished, so far as I can accomplish it," he uttered, slowly, holding the glass of beaded liquid to the cushion of the cushion and his well-shaped, well-booted feet the cushions and his well-booted feet the cushions and his well-booted feet the cushions and his well-booted feet that burned cozily and brightly; he waited the his well-booted feet the cushions and his well-booted feet that burned cozily and brightly; he waited the his well-booted feet the cushions and his well-booted feet that burned cozily and his well-booted feet that his well-booted feet the first his well-booted feet the first his well-booted feet the first his well-booted feet the first

thought, and he took his gold and ivory pencil and wrote an ardent, courteous, undeniably ea-ger statement of his case, asking her to be his loved wife, and begging an answer on the mor-row, when she should be visiting Mrs. Bene-

dict.

"I accidentally learned you would take tea with us to-morrow night," he wrote, "and I must know at once when I meet you if I am the blessed man I hope to be. If you can look favorably on my suit, let me know by answering 'yes' to the first question I put to you. If it is otherwise, I will not trouble you further."

Then he signed himself suitably, put the folded and addressed note conspicuously on the top of a pile of newspapers and sheet music on the piano, and took his leave, in a strange whirl of excitement and expectation.

Half an hour later Mrs. Baldwin came in, stopping, as she passed the dining-room door, to

stopping, as she passed the dining-room door, to peak to the girl. speak to the girl.

"You carried all those papers and the music up to the attic, Annie, as I told you?"

"The very minute the gentleman went away, Mrs. Baldwin. It was Mr. Ammidon, and he

"Oh!—that's too bad that I was not in. Mrs.
May's little Edith is very, very sick, Annie."
And so Mrs. Baldwin never knew of the precious letter lying among bushels of waste scraps in the dark attic, as she sat there alone by the fire, thinking of the caller she had missed with genuine sorrow, and paling cheeks, and eyes full enuine sorrow, and paling cheeks, and eyes full f disappointment—for pretty Mrs. Bessie, with er soft blue eyes, and rebelliously curly hair, and small, perfect figure, was more interested in the handsome bachelor than she cared to admit

even to herself.

The next day, she dressed with unusual care for her afternoon's visit to Mrs. Benedict, wondering, as she basted the soft little ruching in the neck of her sleeveless velvet jacket, and adjusted the pouts of her black silk overskirt, whether or not Mr. Ammidon would think she looked well, and whether, possibly, he might not escort her home.

ort her home cort her home

So her eyes were dancing with radiant blue sunshine, and her cheeks were flushing a most delicious pink rose hue, and her lovely mouth dimpling in bewitching smiles, when Mr. Ammidon came into the sitting-room, several minutes before the time for the dinner-bell to ring— Mr. Ammidon, handsomer than she had eve seen him, in a dark-blue cloth suit, with whit tie, and his face so grandly intelligent and ani

tie, and his face so grandly intelligent and animated as he went up to her and offered her his hand, looking straight in her eyes as he spoke, very quietly, but with all his fate in his words—and she so smiling, so unconscious!

"I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Baldwin. Didn't you find it very cool this afternoon?"
Then she met his gaze, and, hating herself because her heart was throbbing so gladly at sight of him, and despising herself because he had thrilled her from head to foot—then, never knowing her fate was in it, she turned her beautiful face carelessly away, and withdrew her hand, and answered him.

"No, I thought it was charmingly pleasant on

No, I thought it was charmingly pleasant on And Mr. Ammidon recoiled as if he had been struck a dreadful blow, and could not, for the life of him, console himself with the conviction that women were fools, and men were well rid

tains down and the painting going on! Of course I shall clean this fall; it's my habit, and has been for twenty odd years."

Mr. Ammidon gave a little groan at the sad fate that awaited him—that awaited all bachelors in boarding-houses—in the shape of several consecutive days of bare floors, and the odor of soap and kalsomine; of cold dinners eaten wherever it was convenient to set the dining-table; of Mrs. Benedict in a chronic state of bustle and crossness, and the servants impudent, tired and sulky; of wide open doors and windows where the draughts tore through like flends—of—pandemonium generally.

Into want his room any longer; and had his trunks packed and sent to the Grand Central Hotel.

Mr. Ammidon determined to kill two birds with one stone—to get out of the possibility of with one stone—to get out of the possibility of with one stone—to get out of the possibility of with one stone—to get out of the possibility of when he had never loved another, and to make his brunks packed and sent to the Grand Central Hotel.

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Mr. Ammidon determined to kill two bi to think how entirely indifferent Mr. Ammidon was to her; and the winter crept softly along in soft, white, snowy robes, and several times Mrs. Baldwin saw Mr. Ammidon driving past in a gorgeous little cutter, behind a fast horse, whose string of silver bells made such sweet music to her ears, although he didn't do more, as he passed, than glance carelessly at the window and bow.

And the sweet, warm spring days came—and with perfumy hints of roses and woodbine, and fresh, emerald leaves, and climbing vines, and bursting blossoms, came Bessie Baldwin's fate, in the shape of the unromantic, the inevitable spring cleaning that must be undertaken and accomplished, no matter how temptingly balmy

accomplished, no matter how temptingly balmy sunshine and fragrant breezes and cloudless skies clamor for promenades and drives in order

to welcome them.

Thus it happened that while the delicious May was crowning even New York with radiant glory of days of sunshine and warm, fresh breezes, that Mrs. Baldwin was ensconced in one of her attic chambers, with a blue vail tied tightly over her golden hair, and her muslin dress pinned up in front, disclosing ravishingly lovely feet despite the half-worn boots; with a big basket lying in readiness beside her, and her faithful ally, Annie, waiting to consign piles of waste to deathly ignominy—and the paper and rag-man.

"Only one pile more, Annie, and aren't you to welcome them

She answered his inquiring look as she conducted him into the cool, dusk parlor.

"I have only this moment read your letter.
Oh, Mr. Ammidon, what must you have thought of me, all this time?"

of me, all this time?"

His face lighted gloriously.

"That you were the sweetest little darling in all the world, whom I loved so, and wanted so, that I came again to-day to plead my cause. Bessie, consider that letter written just now—what would be the answer?"

And she drooped her white eyelids, and half averted her sweet, blushing face, and the answer came through her parted lips, so low that only a lover's ear would have known she said "yes."

And Mr. Ammidon never finds fault when his wife "cleans house," because he knows if it had not been for that abused institution, he might lonely boarder in Mrs. Benedict's

hearn tell o' Little Jess, the king-pin o' Celestial Waal-waal, the ign'ance o' some crit

City? Wan—want the ignance o' some crit-ters is s'prisin'!"

Then, as now, I was even more than ready to listen to a good story. A matter of business had caused me to "lay over" one day at Abi-lene, Kansas, and while in one of the saloons, where a number of drovers and "bullwhack-ors" were conversing. rs" were conversing, my curiosity was excited and I ventured a question, to which I received the "Yankee answer" recorded above. But

the "Yankee answer" recorded above. But this was not my first interview with the "cowboys," and when a supply of tobacco and "pizen" had atoned for my ignorance, I was rewarded by hearing the following tragic episode in a wild, misguided life:

"He was the biggest little man I ever knowed, was Jess. Pure grit, b'iled down to double proof, he was. An' fight! they wasn't no way he wouldn't fight, stranger. An' when he got on a jamboree, it was jest scratch gravel an' puckachee fer the bresh ontel he kem to his sober self ag'in. I reckon they was a good mule load o' chee fer the bresh ontel he kem to his sober self ag'in. I reckon they was a good mule load o' lead slung away at him afore the boys found out the little cuss was bullet proof. They do say he done sold hisself to the devil, an' nothin' couldn't hurt him afore his time was out; I cain't say, part him afore his time was out; I cain't say, jestly, how that was, but this much I'm bettin' on, onless they're powerful strong-handed down thar, Little Jess is a-runnin' the deal to suit his

own hand—now you hear me talk!

"He hed one soft p'int, hed Jess; an' that was wimmen. Not in the way you mought be thinking, stranger. Though we could show up more gay an' gelorious female critters than ary two camps that side o' Fr'isco, they warn't nary one on 'em all could take the stiffenin' out o' Little Less; an' I readount they was six out o' on 'em all could take the stiffenin' out o' Little Jess; an' I reckon they was six out o' every hafe dozen on 'em as tried thar level best fer to corral his 'fections, No, he was like frozen water on that p'int. An' yit two out o' every three o' his fights was on thar a'count. Ef a cuss spoke crossways about any on 'em—no matter ef she war old es the hills an' uglier 'n a horn-toad, jest so sure they was somebody goin' to git licked, er mebbe putt in fix fer a berryin', 'cord-in' to the way things turned out.

licked, er mebbe putt in fix fer a berryin', 'cordin' to the way things turned out.

"Thar was Indiany Jane, forty year old, I
reckon, an' so ugly a look at her'd frighten a blind
monkey into fits. The small-pox'd ett off her
nose an' one eye, an' left her balder 'n a billiard
ball. She hed Injun blood into her, too, I reckon.
She was cookin' fer four young fellers from Indiany, a mile or so out o' town, on thar claim, an'
one mornin' they was found dead—p'izened—an'
she a-watchin' over 'em. We couldn't git nothin' out o' her—nary word. Doe Mishler he in' out o' her—nary word. Doc. Mishler he vestigated the matter, an' foun' every bit cooked grub in the shanty was chuck full

"Waal, bein' she was a woman critter, it was settled she should hev a fa'r trial, though I don't reckon they was one feller in camp as know she'd pizened the boys. They putt the jury—an' I licked Soapy Sam, which constable, fer doin' it the next week.

the constable, fer doin' it the next week.

"The show was run fa'r, that I must say; an'
Jack Hayes—he war sheriff then—come down
a-puppose. Jay-bird Charley was the persecutin' turner, I think they called him. Poker Dan
was putt up to talk fer the pris'ner, but he was
so blind drunk it tuck two men to hold him up hat women were fools, and men were well rid f them.

The next day he told Mrs. Benedict he would ontel somebody rolled in a bar'l with the head knocked out, when the boys sot Dan inside, right eend up, an' the trial went on.

"I don't reckon you keer to hear the hull thing. Jay-bird Charley war puttin' on the last tetches, when in comes Little Jess. Thar was a white line 'round his lips, an' his black eyebrows was drawed up like new moons. When I sawn that, I got ready to dodge, fer I knowed that they was goin' to be some circus right thar.

thar.
"The persecutin' turner he didn't 'pear to no-

"The persecutin' turner he didn't 'pear to notice, but went on, harder 'n ever, makin' the pris'ner out to be wuss then the devil hisself. Then Little Jess spoke right out in meetin':

"'Any man that kin talk so about a woman, even ef she was the greatest sinner 'at ever trod the footstool, is a burnin' disgrace to the mother as bore him! She is a woman, boys,' he said, lookin' at us jury fellers. 'She's old an' crazy, too. Don't hev her blood on your han's. Let her go free, an' ef guilty, God 'll punish her in His own good time. As for you'—an' he turned to Jay-bird Charley once more—'as for you, think of your own mother—'

"'An' ef I do,' broke in the turner, brashly, 'twon't be to blush fer her. Thank God, she is an honest woman, an' not like your mother an' sister!"

sister!"
"That was the last word he ever spoke, for he

"That was the last word he ever spoke, for he went down with a bullet clean through his head, deader 'n a cracked nit. I dodged under the bench; but they didn't come no more bullets as I s'pected. 'Stead I hearn Little Jess say:

"'Any o' you gentlemen 'at wants to come an' see me, 'll find me outside.'

"'Cap'n Jack Hayes riz up an' made a jump fer him, but somehow ketched his foot on the desk afore him an' pitched head fust to the floor, 'most knocking out his brains; and they wasn't no one else fool enough to try to stop Little Jess.

"When Cap'n Jack come to, he made fer outdoors, follered by the crowd. The boys was brave enough, but they wanted a leader, when sech a hard nut es Little Jess was to be bucked ag'in'. We found him waitin', sure enough. Thar he was, on critter-back, full-heeled, an' lookin' jest pizen nasty, you bet. I reckon he knowed thar wouldn't be no foolin' when oncet Jack Hayes tuck the trail.

"'Helt' be velled, an' durned of his voice."

piles of waste to deathly ignominy—and the paper and rag-man.

"Only one pile more, Annie, and aren't you glad wer'e so nearly done? Here, you sort the papers, and I'll see that nothing worth saving has been put with this music."

And a minute after the soft, rustling stillness was broken by a sudden ejaculation from Mrs. Baldwin, and Annie looked up, wide-eyed, to see her reading a pencied note, with paling face and trembling mouth.

"It's a letter—lost—that's all, Annie. Go on with the papers; there is the man at the door-bell about removing: the stoves. I'l go down. You can finish."

And with fluttering heart, and eyes that were suspiciously bright, Mrs. Besie went down stairs to let in the "stove man," and glad of an opportunity to get away by herself a few minutes to think it all over, to try to realize that it was true that Walter Ammidon.

He bowed with a little look of surprise and chagrin, fearful lest, now that his love for Bessie Baldwin had overleaped its boundaries, and forced him to a second attempt to win her love—that had become more precious in proportion as it seemed unpossessable—fearful lest his coming, as suggested by her appearance, was inopportune and awkward.

But Mrs. Baldwin flushed, and smiled, and looked lovely, despite the old blue vail; and then he suddenly discovered she held in her hand the note he had written her six months ago!

She answered his inquiring look as she conducted him into the cool, dusk parlor.

"Thar was one one the held with the neither side without runnin' slap ag'inst our pistolis, an' stright lated of him into the cool, dusk parlor.

"Thar was one of the row held bile vail; and then he suddenly discovered she held in her hand the note he had written her six months ago!

She answered his inquiring look as she conducted him into the cool, dusk parlor.

"Thar we only this moment read your letter. Oh, Mr. Ammidon, what must you have thought of me, all this time?"

His face lighted gloriously.

"That you were the sweetest little darling in the read of the parlor w

to a stan'.
"But we didn't know his hoss, hurt as it was. I recken they both on 'em hed a big chunk o' the old boy in 'em. Right up in the air that crippled hoss riz, crossin' the kenyon like a bird, Liftel Jess a-laughin' like he was goin' to a weddin' all the time. The critter lit right enough, an' plunged on some fifty feet or more, then drapped dead. But afore any one o' we could git

plunged on some fifty feet or more, then drapped dead. But afore ary one o' us could git a bead on him Little Jess was kivered ahind the karkiss, an' crack—crack kem two shots that emptied two saddles quicker'n wink. The rest on us sorter fell back. We wasn't hogs.

"Cap'n Jack soon fixed it. We was to creep up, onder kiver. He was to lead a party 'round to a good crossin'. Ef Jess tried to leave, we could easy pick him off. I reckon he saw the game was played, fer he called out:

"'You needn't go to that trouble, gentlemen. Promise you won't shoot, an' I'll give in.'"

"'Watch him close, boys; he is up to some cunnin' dodge,' said Cap'n Jack, in a low voice; then he spoke louder, to Little Jess: 'Come out, then, an' you shell hev a fa'r show, ef you act on the squar'. You know me, an' know who you-'re trustin'.'

"'1 do know you, sheriff,' sais Little Jess, git-tin' up an' comin' for'ard, cool es a cowcumber. 'I'd ruther knock under to you then ary other man I know. You out hold me this deal, an' a man's a fool that don't know when he's beat,' an' ne laughed ag'in as he kem out an' stood on the aidge of the kenyon. 'About gittin' over—how re you goin' to manidge that? Stay—I know!

Stan' back an' give me room!

"Waal, sir, I'm a three-legged mule of the little cuss didn't jump head-fust, right off'n the aidge, down nigh a thousan' feet in that kenyon! He made a spot on them rocks big's this room, I reckon, fer all the boys did call him 'Little Jess.'"

Ripples.

SAY what is right, and let others say what they blease. You are responsible for only one tongue—even if you are a married man.

A Dutchman summoned to identify a stolen hog, being asked if the hog had any earmarks, replied: "Te only earmark dat I saw vas his tall vas cut off." 'Patrick, where's the whisky I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Och, master, I just drank it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same."

A young woman of Pekin, Ill., was asked by her minister if her husband feared the Lord. She replied, "Fear him! Bless you, he is so afraid of Him that he never goes out of a Sunday without taking his gun along.

Charivari tells of a negro named Dominigo, in one of the French colonies, who, speaking of the advantages of the true Christian religion, said:
"There was a time when I knew nothing of God or the devil, but now I know and love them both."

bushels of potatoes from a party in the suburbs, asked a neighbor what sort of a man he was. "Well," said the conscientous neighbor, "I don't know very much about him, but I should think he would make a tiptop stranger."

One of the discoveries made by the latest Aretic explorers is that the length of the polar night is one hundred and forty-five days. What a heavenly place that would be in which to tell a man with a bill to call around day after to-morvey and set his money. row and get his money.

A sailor was recently brought before a magis-A sallot was received brought before a magis-trate for beating his wife, when the magistrate attempted to reach his heart by asking him if he did not know that his wife was the "weaker vessel." "If she is," replied Jack, "she ought not to carry so much sail."

The recuperative forces of childhood are at times extraordinary. The boy who left school sick at ten o'clock in the morning will go to the circus at two P. M. the same day, fall off a seat sixteen to eighteen feet high, and never hurt himself more than to miss four or five seconds of the performance.

It is said that on a certain occasion a somewhat celebrated English divine discovered, but only when already in the pulpit, that he had forgotten his manuscript. Whereupon he called to the clerk, "Jonas, I have left my sermon at home, so hand up the Bible, and I'll read them a chapter from Job worth ten of it.'